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REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR BY A CONFEDERATE STAFF OFFICER*

(SECOND PAPER)

THE BEGINNING OF THE CONFLICT

On the 19th of April, 1861, I was living in Baltimore where, having removed from Jefferson County, Virginia, about one year before, I was in business as partner in the firm of——. I had abandoned my native state on account of the very unsettled condition of the county, brought about by the Brown Raid and subsequent events, Jefferson County having been the scene of the Raid and of a military occupation and excitement unknown in our country since the War of 1812. There was a feeling, too, that the beginning of the end of slavery had come, and that its demise would be attended with a convulsion in which we on the border were not sufficiently interested to involve ourselves.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 19th, I left my office on Spear's Wharf and went to the Bank of Baltimore, corner of Baltimore and Saint Paul Streets. After finishing my business at the bank, I was asked by a friend to walk with him to Camden Station to see what was going on, as there were rumors that trouble would come of the passage of troops (called for by Lincoln from the Northern states) through Baltimore.

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This is the second of a series of articles by the same author which will run throughout the year.—EDITOR.

We found the station quiet, with large bodies of police guarding the station and preventing a near approach, but judging from the broken windows of the long train of cars and the bloody and bandaged heads of some of the soldiers, we could see that the trains had not come peacefully through Pratt Street. As we were urged by the police to move on and as no one seemed able or inclined to give us any information, we concluded to return to our places of business by way of Pratt Street. Near Charles Street we could see that there was a crowd and a commotion far down Pratt Street about the bridge. We could see the glitter of muskets, and as we drew nearer, perceived that there was a confused mass of soldiers in the middle of the street, seemingly set upon by a mob following them and pressing upon both flanks.

When we reached South Street, the head of the procession was already between us and Spear's Wharf. Unable to proceed further, we accepted the invitation of a merchant who was shutting up his store on the corner of Pratt and Commerce Streets to enter, and going hurriedly upstairs (for the lower shutters were already closed), saw a body of soldiers crowded together in the middle of the street, their guns held vertically, preceded by a squad of police, with Mayor Brown, hat in his hand, all hurrying as rapidly as possible toward Camden Station, but beset, as before stated, by a mob shouting and pelting them with stones and occasionally dragging a soldier out of the ranks.

The assault became unbearable, and at length the troops, bunched as they were in the middle of the street, lowered their guns and fired in all directions. As only the outside men could fire horizontally, the greater number fired in the air, breaking the windows of the surrounding houses, two bullets going through the window where I was standing. But the mob was effectually checked, a few being killed and many wounded, and the troops went on hurriedly and in confusion up Pratt Street, but unmolested as far as I could see.

As is usual in such cases, the sufferers by the volley from the troops were not confined to the mob. Many innocent people who were onlookers and in no way concerned in the fray

were shot down. A boy was coming up Commerce Street with a bundle under his arm. Just as he reached the corner of Pratt and Commerce Streets, the firing began. He stood still at the corner with his mouth open in evident astonishment, gazing at the spectacle so new to him. I was just calling to him to stand back out of the range of fire, when a red spot appeared on his forehead, and he fell dead in his tracks. Some hours afterwards I went to the spot and found him still lying there with a look of astonishment on his dead face.

The regiment, I afterwards learned, was the Sixth Massachusetts, and suffered considerably in the march through Pratt Street, several having been killed and many wounded.

To us in Maryland this was the beginning of the war. Many men of Union proclivities now gave way to the excitement of the hour caused by the passage of an armed body of men through a sovereign state and by the bloody struggle which ensued. While the fall of Sumter was deciding men's minds further south, it was the affair of the 19th of April which compelled every man in Maryland to make up his mind where he would stand in the coming conflict. Men in Baltimore who condemned and denounced in strong terms the attack on Fort Sumter, and who would at that moment have fought with Anderson against the South Carolinians, were found on the 19th of April in the ranks of the mob, opposing the passage of Massachusetts troops through Maryland. Business was suspended everywhere and crowds filled the streets, eager, expectant, and excited. Here and there speakers addressed them, counselling calmness and forbearance, or urging to violence and resistance; but the time for words had passed, the revolution had begun, and men ranged themselves at once on the side of their opinions or their preferences, and went to work to do their duty according to the light before them.

I was on the street until late that night, and returning home about midnight, found upon the hall table the following telegram:

Harper's Ferry, April 19th, '61.

Join your regiment at once.

W. ALLEN, Col.

A. R. H. Ranson, St. Paul St., Baltimore.

My wife and children were all asleep. I woke up the manservant and told him to make his fires in the furnace and kitchen, and went into the dining room and sat down to read over the telegram and to think.

During the Brown Raid, the military fever set in in Virginia. A regiment uniformed, armed, and drilled was formed in my neighborhood. Colonel Allen, my classmate at Lexington, was chosen colonel and I was appointed adjutant with the rank of captain. I had not resigned when I went to Maryland. Lieutenant Lee of Shepherdstown was acting adjutant, and it had been understood that in case of active service, I should resume my post; but the active service talked of in the old days seemed a remote and trivial matter, whereas now we were facing a real and momentous conflict, with the government, the army, the navy, and thirty millions of people on one side, and scarcely ten millions, with no army or navy, on the other. What the struggle may have been to others in making up their minds that night, I do not know, but with me it was short and very terrible. On one side were wife and children, property, immunity from danger, and a quiet, domestic life. I could live abroad. I was not devoted to slavery. Although I owned slaves, it was more because I inherited them and lived among them than that I wanted them and thought it right to hold them in servitude. We lived on the border, where slavery was not involuntary. Slaves could escape to the North very easily, and did so very frequently. My grandfather on one side manumitted his slaves, and his descendants thought slavery contrary to the spirit of the age, and believed that it was doomed to disappear from our midst in time. We were waiting for that time to come, when the Brown Raid awoke the passions of men and created active resistance.

I had left my home in the Valley of Virginia to be out of the struggle, in which I had no heart. My firm in Baltimore owned a bark in the Rio trade, which was now in port, and we proposed loading her with cotton for Liverpool. In the unsettled condition of things, we thought a cargo of cotton would be a good thing to have abroad in case of a blockade of our southern ports. With cotton bought at ten cents per pound and sold in Liverpool at a dollar a pound, the prevailing price then, there

would have been a profit of half a million dollars. My partner had asked me to go out in the bark and attend to the sale of the cotton and vessel, for the stake was too great to entrust to an ordinary supercargo.

Within the past few days, I had visited the vessel with my wife. Built for the Rio trade, there were good accommodations for about ten passengers. My wife admired the elegance of the cabins furnished in maple and mahogany, the rich hangings of silk and plush, the table and bed furniture, but hesitated about leaving home and friends, and while she was hesitating, the terrible 19th of April had broken in on our plans, and I was forced to look at the situation as it stood now. I was opposed to slavery,—but was this a fight for slavery? Rather, was it not a fight for rights under the Constitution and laws? Could one state or section dictate to another state or section as to its internal policy? Could one state invade another in the interests and execution of a policy at variance with the opinion and interests of the invaded state? If so, what becomes of our boasted liberties and states' rights? If a state can be invaded to put down slavery, why not to put down the manufacture of cotton, or the digging of coal or iron in competition with the interests of another state? As to the right of secession I had grave doubts, but there was certainly left us the right of rebellion. Every liberty the English people have (and they have more than any other people in the world) from Magna Charta down, and every liberty we have was won by rebellion; why should we submit to a government organized upon sectional issues, opposed to the interests and well-being of the South, and determined to carry out its policies by force of arms? And thus as the night wore on I determined to cast in my lot with my native State; to fight for her if necessary and share in whatever befell her, whether for weal or woe.

I woke up the cook and ordered an early breakfast. I then went out and ordered two hacks to be at my door at seven o'clock. Returning, I aroused my little family and told them that they had two hours in which to dress and pack their trunks. At eight A.M. I left Camden Station with wife and servants and four children, the oldest not six years old. We

arrived at Harper's Ferry, where my regiment was stationed, about noon and I reported for duty at once. My family went on to Charlestown, where they were met by my father, and subsequently went to the home of my wife's mother, where they remained during the war.

I entered upon my duties at once and conducted dress parade the same evening. Thus in twenty-four hours the course of my life was changed absolutely,—from a merchant to a soldier, from the refined and easy life of a man of means, to the roughness and privations of camp.

There was little of interest happening at Harper's Ferry. Troops were arriving, and drilling and equipping them was the business of the hour. One excitement we had. About three o'clock one afternoon, the long roll was suddenly beaten by orders received by me from headquarters. The men had no duties except drill and guard mounting and were in their quarters sleeping, reading, playing cards, and killing time after the fashion of soldiers in camp. They came tumbling out in five minutes, all armed and equipped in light marching order, with forty rounds of ammunition to the man. When the regiment was formed I found that the colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and major were all absent. Just then Colonel Jackson rode up and ordered me, in the absence of the field officers, to take the regiment out on the Shepherdstown Road and follow that road until we met the enemy. For twelve miles we followed the road in a fearful storm but found no enemy. In the early morning we returned by rail to Harper's Ferry.

With the arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson with orders to assume command, there was a great commotion among the militia generals who had congregated at Harper's Ferry as at an old-fashioned general muster and with about as definite an idea of real warfare as the children who looked on in the streets. Jackson was beginning to bring order out of chaos, was actively arranging the proper picketing of the place and the stationing of the artillery and troops to defend the approaches; but the old ranking militia generals remained at the post, frequently venting their disgust, and even the troops were beginning to murmur their disapprobation, and trouble would have come but for the

prompt action of the authorities at Richmond. As a bombshell in our midst, came the order revoking the commissions of all the field and staff officers of the Virginia troops. The field and staff of my regiment fell with the rest, and I was out of office. If I had waited a few days, I should have been reinstated, possibly with a higher rank, but I went at once to Richmond under an order requiring all graduates of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington to report for duty at Richmond. I reported for duty on arrival, and was ordered to the camp of instruction at the fair grounds, where troops from all parts of the State were arriving. Here they were armed, drilled, and formed into regiments, and sent to the front as rapidly as possible. Here I learned too late that the old officers of my regiment at Harper's Ferry had been reinstated (with the exception of the Major), they being graduates of the Virginia Military Institute; but I was hard at work in my new field and had no time to repine. I had a commission from the State, and was drilling troops and instructing officers, and assisting Colonel Gilham, the Commandant of the Camp of Instruction, in the formation of regiments and equipping them for the front.

On my way to Richmond, I travelled with an acquaintance, a young Baltimorean, on his way to join the Southern Army. He was the son of a distinguished army officer, who, although a Southern man, had remained at his post. On arrival in Richmond, my friend and I occupied the same room, as the hotel was crowded. In the morning he was up early, while I remained in bed watching him unpack his trunk. There were few clothes but many manuscripts and drawings of artillery and ordnance and of machinery for their manufacture, together with books upon those subjects. I think that they belonged to his father, and that they were taken without leave. At last there came out of the trunk a pair of colonel's epaulettes. I said, "You are a private. What on earth will you do with those?" I shall never forget his answer.—"I intend to wear them as Colonel of Artillery." I laughed, but in two years he did wear them, too, as he was one of the most distinguished artillery officers of the war. At the battle of Cedar Mountain he was struck by a fragment of a shell and literally disemboweled.

For hours he lay stretched upon the ground, his protruding entrails lying on the grass beside him. In vain he entreated each passing surgeon to stop and help him. A glance was sufficient to convince them that his case was hopeless, and they all hurried on to attend to more promising ones. At last he gathered up his bowels with his own hands and replaced them (along with some grass which he clutched in his blind, despairing efforts) and held them in position until he could induce a passing surgeon to sew him up; and, strange to tell, he is alive to-day, and occasionally I have a laugh with him about his epaulettes. The other incident is no laughing matter, as he suffers from it yet.

One evening I had acted as Adjutant of the Twentieth Virginia Regiment at drill and dress parade. After dismissing the batallion, an officer approached me and asked if I wanted to see active service. I said "yes," and the next day received orders to proceed with the Twentieth to West Virginia under command of Colonel Pegram, late of the U. S. Cavalry. I was acting adjutant with the understanding that I should be promoted to major on the promotion of Major Tylor to lieutenant-colonel, and of Lieutenant-Colonel Pegram to full colonel. We went by rail to Staunton, and thence marched to join General Garnett at Laurel Hill, a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles. The entire trip was rather uneventful.

On a bright morning in June, a long train of cars was drawn up alongside the fair grounds, and the embarkation was rapidly effected. The entire regiment, about eight hundred strong, with their arms and ammunition and baggage, went on one train, drawn by two engines. There were the usual farewells between kindred and friends. One young officer stood with his bride of a few days, she tearful and despairing, he pale and resolute, until the train was actually in motion. To tear himself from her arms and leap upon the train was the work of a moment. She, falling into the arms of her friends, was carried away like one dead. I have often wondered if those two ever met again.

Along the route we met with an ovation at every station. Crowds of people cheered us and gave us their blessings and

prayers, and young girls with lunch baskets and flowers vied with each other in ministering to our vanity and our hunger. But for the grave faces of the elderly folk in the crowds and the thoughtful faces of some of the officers on the train, the whole scene might have been mistaken for a holiday excursion.

Arriving at Staunton in the afternoon, we promptly made preparations for the march, and on the following day the column moved out on the road to Laurel Hill, crossing the Alleghanies. The command stood the march very well, considering that they were perfectly raw troops and were imperfectly equipped and provisioned. We arrived in good condition and in good time at Laurel Hill; but the water at this post was bad, almost poisonous, and knocked down the men in squads daily. Everybody was sick, some of them ill, and if a change had not been made promptly, there would soon have been no men fit for duty. The writer was ill with dysentery, unable to walk, and could only move by being held on his horse by two men, one walking on each side. At last, one dark, wet night, we were ordered to Rich Mountain. Here the water was good and the men rapidly regained their health and spirits.

A glance at the map will make clear to the reader our situation at this juncture. McClellan was at Grafton with twenty-five thousand men. Garnett was at Laurel Hill with about forty-five hundred men of all arms. McClellan arrived at Phillipi and, dividing his forces, threatened Garnett's rear by throwing a force estimated at from six thousand to ten thousand men under Rosecrans in front of Rich Mountain. As Rich Mountain was only four miles from Beverly, our base of supplies, and Laurel Hill was sixteen, the fall of Rich Mountain would be fatal to Laurel Hill.

Marching all night, we arrived early the next morning. The post was an entrenched camp at the base of the western slope of Rich Mountain and was held by a regiment of infantry six hundred strong, a battery of four pieces under De Lagnel, and about thirty green cavalry, poorly armed. Reënforced by us, the strength at Rich Mountain was about thirteen hundred effective men of all arms. A reconnoissance under Major Tyler developed the enemy in force on our front. Our front was com-

paratively strong, but our flanks were utterly unprotected, our entire force being necessary to man the works without one man in reserve. Pegram tried with his cavalry to picket his flanks, but no information was obtained from them, and he considered them useless except as couriers, in which service he used them in posting General Garnett hourly, urging the danger of the situation, insisting that his flanks be protected, and declared the place untenable unless largely reënforced. But Garnett could not spare any men, and was evidently under the impression that Pegram could hold out until a force under General Starke, now on the march from Staunton, could reach him.

But the people of the country were unfriendly to our cause, and information denied to Pegram was freely given to Rosecrans. Thus a mountaineer led a force of four thousand five hundred men over the mountains in the night, circling around our left flank, so that on the morning of the 10th of July, we found ourselves invested front and rear by an overwhelming force, leaving a narrow opening on either flank. This information was obtained about day-break and Pegram, who had not recovered from the sickness at Laurel Hill and was really ill, at once withdrew one-half of his force from the front and also two pieces of artillery, and putting himself at their head, led them up to the mountain to meet the force in our rear, leaving me in command of the force on the works in front. Of the way in which he and his little band of six hundred men held a whole brigade under Rosecrans in check until evening, I need hardly speak. Of all the events of the war, I do not know of any where a small body of men did so much, or where a large body did so little. The least enterprise on the part of Rosecrans would have resulted in the capture of our entire force. On the front we had a mere skirmish line on the works, and they could easily have been taken, either by storming the front or by turning either flank; but while Pegram was holding Rosecrans in check all day with a handful of men, the force on our front contented themselves with driving in our pickets, and after making a heavy demonstration along our line, fell back under the fire of our two guns.

When night came and the combat ceased, Pegram returned to the front and told me that Major Tyler would attempt to escape

with that portion of the command around Rosecrans's left flank toward Staunton, while he, with the men on the works in front, would try to reënforce General Garnett by passing between Rosecrans's right and the left of the force on our front. It was a difficult manœuvre, for in passing out we could hear the enemy's men talking on either side of us, and Pegram was now so ill (having been thrown, or rather having thrown himself from the horse in the morning's battle to prevent the ungovernable runaway from carrying him into the enemy's line), that he was unable to walk and was carried in a blanket by four men. The men were without rations (they had had no breakfast that day, as the fight began at daybreak), supply trains from Beverly having been cut off by Rosecrans.

The march that night through the mountains in the darkness, falling over the down timber and rocks, and the next day through the rain with empty stomachs, brought us near enough to Laurel Hill to find the Union flag flying, and, after dodging heavy columns of Union troops all the next night, and fording the river six times, we halted at a farmhouse in the early morning to try to get something to eat for the famished men; but two women could hardly cook enough for six hundred men, and in a short time, the poor fellows, wet, cold, and exhausted, lay down in the corners of the old worm fence, huddled together as we have seen swine do in cold weather, and were soon fast asleep.

Soon a large force of the enemy was seen approaching. A hurried council of war was held and a decision reached that we must surrender. We could not awaken the exhausted men, and even if we could have done so, their guns and ammunition were useless from the continual rain and frequent fording of the river. Resistance would have sacrificed life without any object, and as we were not in a position to exact terms, we surrendered unconditionally.

On the march from Staunton to Laurel Hill, there were some rather amusing incidents. One company of the regiment had been raised by two brothers belonging to an old and wealthy Virginia family, who were in command as captain and lieutenant. The camp equipage and retinue of servants of the two

young gentlemen would have been luxurious for a major-general. They were patriotic and enthusiastic, but they had been cradled in luxury and were entirely unfitted for the hardship, fatigue, and privations of company officers in an infantry regiment on a march. One of their first acts was to buy a light carriage and a pair of horses, and in this novel manner they made the march to Laurel Hill. Pegram's attention was called to them, but he would not interfere. He knew what kind of material composed his command, and how far to enforce discipline, and he knew that the exigencies of a campaign would soon stop all such nonsense and bring these gentlemen down to the modest kit of subalterns in infantry. Nor would I have it supposed that these young gentlemen were effeminate. They were brave men and in the hour of trial forgot their luxuries and remembered their honored name and country. One of them lost his life in this short campaign; the other served to the end of the war.

And there was a big inn-keeper from Hardy county who drove into camp in his buggy at the head of an infantry company he had raised and commanded. He had also a four-horse wagon filled with provisions for his mess. The man must have weighed three hundred pounds, and his buggy was a necessity, for he could not possibly have walked. He was with us on the night we set out to try and join General Garnett, and when informed of our determination, sat himself down in his tent and there the enemy found him when they entered our works the next morning. He refused positively to walk, and they brought him to Beverly in a wagon.

For showing up a man for what he is, there is nothing like a campaign. The battle tests his courage, the march his endurance, the idleness of the camp his moral strength and qualities of heart, and in his ambition for promotion he decides, and his comrades know, whether he will win it with his sword, or by the crooked and devious ways of political influence. In this short campaign, men who had known each other all their lives, came to know each other in a new light, and friendships and antipathies were formed of a lasting character.

My acquaintance with Colonel Pegram began in this cam-

paign and ripened rapidly into an intimate friendship, which was unbroken up to the time of his death in 1865. We were about the same age, and, thrown together as we were, soon found that we had similar tastes and common sympathies. He was a graduate of West Point, had served in the army on the frontier, and had lately returned from abroad, where he had been detailed for observation and had seen something of European warfare. He was of medium height; well formed and graceful in every movement, with a handsome face with rather a sad expression which often gave way to a smile of great sweetness. In disposition he combined the gentleness of a woman with the magnificent courage of a Bayard. In action he seemed to grow in size, his form assumed an unwonted erectness, his eyes blazed, his nostrils distended, and his voice rang out like the sound of a trumpet. The action over, he was again the quiet, genial companion, careless of self, thoughtful of others, ever impressed with the importance of the duties of his position, and with none of the arrogance which so often attends the commander.

We were now prisoners together at Beverly. The entire command was paroled except himself, the exception being made because he had been in the U. S. Army. I, however, remained with him in his illness, which was typhoid fever, and as I also was not well and was suffering with blistered feet from our long tramp, we were sent to the hospital. McClellan sent his chief surgeon to look after Pegram, and he at once advised him to go to a private house, as the atmosphere of the hospital was bad. As soon as I could get out, I obtained lodging for us at the Arnolds' in Beverly, and found to our great surprise that Mrs. Arnold was the sister of General Jackson, afterwards known as Stonewall Jackson. There we were very comfortably quartered and Pegram's health improved slowly.

Two days before the fight at Rich Mountain, my father, seventy-three years old, arrived in camp, bringing with him my servant Dick and a fine horse for my use. The dear old man had ridden two hundred miles to do me this service. He was a Whig and a strong Union man and condemned the hot haste with which the South had acted, but with him his children were

first before everything,—right or wrong. He had fought in the War of 1812, and took a lively interest in all things military. Even at his great age, he was an active man, very handsome in face, erect in figure and of a commanding presence. He was fluent in conversation, and, having a retentive memory, beguiled the dullness of the camp with stories of the olden time. He had been the friend of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, and had a wide acquaintance with the leading statesmen, jurists, and warriors of his time. He had received his baptism of fire at Craney Island, had stood on the field with Mason when he fell by the hand of McCarthy, and was full of reminiscences political, historical, and personal. Pegram was charmed with him and gave every moment of his spare time to him. On the evening before the fight, Pegram called me to look at him asleep on a blanket in my tent, and pointing to him said: "I have all my life been hearing of the fine old Virginia gentleman: in him I have found my ideal at last." Whilst he was sleeping, we got some news of the enemy's movements, which determined us to send the old gentleman back to Beverly. So when he awoke, we carried out our plan, much to his disgust. He told me afterwards he was awakened the next morning by De Lagnel's first gun, and found that a large body of the enemy was between him and us. All day long he sat on his horse listening with his heart in his throat to the thunder of the artillery and the roar of the musketry from the side of Rich Mountain, about two miles distant. As the head of the column under Rosecrans entered one end of the village, he rode out of the other and sorrowfully began his lonely journey homeward over the Alleghanies.

When our paroled men started on their march toward Staunton, my servant Dick was waiting on me in the hospital. I explained to him that he was now a free man and could go where he pleased, but if he wished to go home, he had better go with the command of six hundred paroled men surrendered by Pegram, who were returning to Staunton. He scratched his head and said, "I don't know nothing 'bout freedom, I'm free enough anyhow; if you don't want me, I'll go back to Miss Lizzie" (my wife). And so he did.

In McClellan's army were several old army officers who had been Pegram's friends, among them McClellan himself. I was sent for by McClellan and found him in a Sibley tent of very large size, and was entertained by his staff until the General was at leisure. Colonel Lawrence Williams, nephew to our General Lee, and Brigadier General Seth Williams were among the number. I did not tell Colonel Lawrence Williams that I had gone to a party with Miss Mary Lee in Richmond and that she had parted with her cousin Lawrence on the steps at Arlington in April with the understanding that he would join her father at once in Richmond.

I was much struck with McClellan's appearance, especially his youthful and almost boyish air and manner. He looked about thirty years old, with a well-knit, soldierly figure, a little below medium height, and reddish brown hair and mustache. Conversation took quite a wide range but did not touch the war, except by inferences. When I arose to go, he said, "Captain, you must have a little brandy and water with me." Upon my declining he looked at me steadily for a moment, and seeing that I was actuated by some false sentiment as to the situation, said, "Sir, you are my prisoner and I order you to do it." The drink was taken, we touched glasses and looked into each other's eyes in silence. The brandy was good and made me feel very comfortable, and I had to acknowledge on my walk home that the General had more sense than I had and was entitled to my thanks.

McClellan visited Pegram a few days after. He sat on the side of Pegram's bed and talked a long time. He was very kind, almost affectionate in his manner. Pegram asked him if there was any news from Manassas. He said, no, but there would be in a few days. He then gave the plan of McDowell's attack. He would turn Beauregard's left and his army would be routed and captured almost without a fight, and that would be the end of the war. Pegram smiled and said that the turning of his (Pegram's) flank at Rich Mountain and Beauregard's at Manassas were different things, and that General Joe Johnston might take a hand in the turning. McClellan said, "Johnston is in the Valley and General Patterson will see that he does not

get away." McClellan rising said, "I assure you, Pegram, I consider the war as good as ended." That the battle of Manassas was fought on the plan detailed by McClellan, that Johnston did get away from Patterson, and that the war did not end just then, were soon to be demonstrated and pass into history.

The portion of our command which under Pegram had held Rosecrans at bay all day at Rich Mountain made its escape under Major Tyler, and we might have done the same, had not Pegram felt it his duty to make the attempt to reënforce General Garnett. When Garnett found that Rosecrans was at Beverly, he had two alternatives; either to fall back and fight him, or to retreat toward Carrick's Ford. To fall back and attempt to cut his way through Rosecrans's superior force, followed and pressed by McClellan with another overwhelmingly superior force, would have been worse than folly and madness. He therefore retreated in the direction of Carrick's Ford, followed and pressed by McClellan, and was killed riding in the rear of his retreating command at Carrick's Ford.

As Pegram's recovery was very slow, the doctor advised him to leave Beverly, and I obtained from McClellan permission to take him North to some health resort and remain with him until he was sufficiently well to report himself at Fort McHenry under the terms of his parole. The following is a copy of my parole:—

Head Quarters Army of Occupation West Virginia. }
Beverly, Virginia, July 20-1861. }

Lieut. A. R. H. Ranson taken prisoner near Beverly while in arms against the United States and released upon parole of honor, is allowed to pass the guards of this army in proceeding from West Virginia, and is permitted to accompany his friend Colonel John Pegram, also a prisoner and in bad health, directed to report himself to the commander at Fort McHenry. This order will be respected by all officers, soldiers and citizens of the United States.

By order of Major General McCLELLAN.

S. WILLIAMS, Asst. Adjt. Genl.

Major General N. P. BANKS,
Comdg. at Baltimore,

SIR:—I have requested Lieut. Ranson to apply to you for a safeguard upon his return to Virginia after accompanying

his invalid friend Lieut. Colonel Pegram to Fort McHenry.

I am, Very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

(Signed) GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Major General Commanding
Department of Ohio.

The journey was accomplished by ambulance to Grafton, thence by rail to Wheeling and Pittsburg and Huntingdon to Bedford Springs, Pa.

I had several interviews with McClellan before our arrangements for the journey were completed. In one of these, a little unpleasantness occurred, but it was only momentary. I had asked permission to travel under assumed names and was asked for my reason. I replied that in the present excited condition of the Northern mind, we wished to protect ourselves against unpleasant attention from over-zealous people. The General was angry and in very strong terms rebuked this aspersion upon the people of his section, drawing a comparison between the North and the South very unfavorable to the latter, as to their law-abiding character, and was generally on the rampage for a moment; but I held my ground, disclaiming my intention of saying anything which could offend anybody, and calling his attention to the fact that criminal courts and prison accommodations in all countries were evidence that there were lawless people in all. The general dismounted very gracefully from his high horse, acknowledged that I might be right, and gave permission. Henceforward his prisoners were to be known as John Parker and I. R. Davis. Upon my telling him that we proposed going to Bedford Springs, he said we might go to his house in Cincinnati. Mrs. McClellan was at her father's, General Marcy's, in Washington. He would give me a letter to his housekeeper and we could be very quiet and very comfortable. I replied that as prisoners we had been the recipients of unwonted kindness from him, but we could not accept one that might be to his detriment. This time he did not rebuke me for the intimation that the Northern people might be unjust, but merely thanked me for thinking of his interests.

I saw McClellan then for the last time. He impressed me as a gallant gentleman, a true patriot, and an able commander, and

I think that posterity will yet do him the justice which political rancor is striving so hard to withhold. In taking leave of him then, there was a feeling of regret that I could not follow his standard, and a feeling of pride that, after all, he was my countryman.

ON PAROLE

Finding that my appearance in public in my uniform rendered me conspicuous and was remarked upon unpleasantly, I went to the only store in the village in search of a change of clothes. The man had nothing I could wear except some suits of yellow glossy linen. They were all too large, but I bought one and by turning the trousers up at the bottom and drawing them up to my armpits, I managed to wear them. The coat was long and of the duster pattern and big enough for a giant. I did not see anything ridiculous in this costume, in fact, I did not think about it. I was dressed as the mountaineer dressed on holiday occasions, even to the wide straw hat, and was unobserved.

It was decided that Pegram could not wear his uniform on our journey, and I bought him an outfit exactly like mine. On the morning of our departure, Pegram arose from his sick bed and was duly arrayed in the shining garments a world too big for him. He rejected the straw hat as too small for him, and putting on his old and battered cavalry hat, sat down on the side of the bed and said, "I'm ready." He was the most wretched, and at the same time the most comical looking, object I had ever beheld. I took one look at him and then broke down, convulsed with laughter. Pegram did not smile. The poor fellow was ill; he was heartbroken. His first campaign had been a disaster, and he could see no bright spot before him. Ordinarily, no one was more appreciative of the ridiculous. There were no mirrors at Mrs. Arnold's, but even had there been one before him, I doubt whether a full-length view of himself would have had any effect. He looked at me quietly and asked what was the matter, had I taken leave of my senses? But at each question I only broke down afresh, laughed and cried until I was exhausted.

The ambulance was waiting at the door, so wiping my eyes, I led Pegram out. The mournful and the comical in the scene was a study for an artist. The driver was a stolid German boy and Mr. and Mrs. Arnold were therefore the only witnesses, and they were far too kind and sympathetic to laugh at us. We said farewell and rattled out of town toward Grafton.

The day was bright, the early morning fresh, and the country lovely. It was a refreshing change from the dull life at Beverly to one of motion, and we were leaving behind us the scene of our misfortunes. Pegram revived considerably, but slept most of the way. Every town and railroad station was alive with soldiers and bright with color and glistening with arms. These objects absorbed the attention of the people and we passed unnoticed.

Upon our arrival at Wheeling, we went to a hotel at once. On going into our room, Pegram walked up to the mirror and surveyed himself for a few moments. Then looking at me, he broke down just as I had done at Beverly; but I did not laugh this time. He rolled on the bed as if in agony, and his face indicated suffering rather than mirth. He had not laughed for about two weeks and had forgotten how. Still it was intended for a laugh. Extending his hand to me he said, "Old fellow, I did not understand you at Beverly. I know now."

I found a tailor, and soon we had our room full of clothing from which we selected a modest wardrobe. We enjoyed the luxury of a bath, tooth brush, and barber, sacrificing our beards and having our hair cut close. Soon we were arrayed in our new clothes and took the train for Pittsburg.

Going over the trestle into Pittsburg, we met a train coming out. As the engines approached each other, the trestle gave way and down went both engines with the cars on top of them, and I have never seen such a wreck. Our car being the last, was the only one of our train left on the bridge. We could hear the hissing of the engines and the cries of the wounded, but did not wait to investigate.

Arriving at the hotel, I was registering our names, when the clerk asked, "Have you heard the news?" Thinking he referred to the accident, I answered, "Yes, we were there." "Is it as

bad as stated here?" and he handed me an extra with headings in largest type,—“Disaster at Bull Run, McDowell Routed, Washington at the Mercy of the Rebels.” I explained that I meant the railroad accident, and the clerk was disgusted.

We went to our rooms, carrying the precious extra with us, and locking and bolting our door, gave way to an enjoyment that knew no bounds. This time Pegram really laughed. He read the paper line at a time and between each reading there was a pantomime, which the reader can imagine for himself. We were afraid to laugh out loud, but I don't think this lessened our enjoyment, but rather increased it. There was the sweetness of forbidden fruit, the ecstasy of a secret love, the flavor of a stolen kiss about it, which established it in our memories as one of the supreme moments of our lives. Where was our poor little disaster now, and what of the sufferings we but lately set such store by?

Our stay in Pittsburg was short. We took the fast train east bound, and arrived in due season at Bedford Springs.

Hitherto we had been the small atoms in a great community. Our land was in the throes of a great revolution, the greatest I think the world ever saw. In the absorbed state of men's minds, we had naturally passed on our way unnoticed. At Bedford Springs there was a change of conditions. We were in a small community of idle people eager for excitement and very curious, where there was a mystery. The army had absorbed the most of the population capable of bearing arms, and the Springs were filled with women and old men and non-combatants generally. The arrival of two young men was an event, and we were the objects of much curiosity and remark. Had we anticipated this, we would certainly not have gone to Bedford, but we were there, and under an understanding with General McClellan had to remain, whatever came of it.

Pegram's health being still bad (he had now malarial fever) and I being constantly at his bedside, we were at first untroubled by our neighbors; but, as Pegram's health improved and we strolled about the grounds and sat for hours on the veranda, the curious people in the company attacked us with a boldness which only war times could have rendered excusable.

Dancing men were scarce, indeed, there were none, and we were besieged by husbands who had dancing wives and by fathers who had dancing daughters to allow them to introduce us; but we pleaded ill health and the state of our wardrobe, and remained for a long time unknown to the company. Naturally we conceived the idea that all of the people were in sympathy with the Union cause, and this was an additional reason for declining introductions; but some very singular and amusing experiences befell us.

Our names as John Parker and I. R. Davis were on the register book, but as we knew nobody and never addressed each other otherwise than by our real names, we hardly knew our assumed names.

On our arrival, I had written to Baltimore for money and clothing, and was anxiously awaiting a reply. The letters were called out from the office window every day at mail time, and the company crowded around the window and answered "here" as their names were called. I had stood in the crowd several days without hearing my name, and at last I went to the clerk and said, "I am expecting a letter. Please see if there is one for me." He answered, "Mr. Davis, I have been calling your name for three days, and, as you did not answer, thought you did not want your letters," and handed me three. I did not know my name.

There were in the company two men whom I had known: one a Mr. Bayfield, of Bayfield & Gregg, Baltimore, the other a Mr. I. P. Roman of Cumberland. Roman was a man of the world, and finding I did not wish to be recognized, passed me, whenever we met, without a sign; but Bayfield was very curious and, moreover, uncertain as to my identity. One day I was asked to play a game of cards and Bayfield was my partner. During the game he laid down his hand and said, "Mr. Davis, do you know a man by the name of Ranson who lives in Baltimore?" I said "No." "The reason I asked is," he continued "you are the image of him. Not so much in the face [I had cut off my beard] but in figure, gesture, and voice. I could have sworn you were he." I said I had many relations of the name Ranson, and my own name was I. Ranson Davis. The game went on

and I preserved my incognito with this man, at least during my stay at Bedford, notwithstanding the fact that his place of business was next to mine in Baltimore and I had been in the habit of seeing him every day for a year.

Pegram was a beautiful billiard player, and we spent an hour at the game when no one else played, but his fame got abroad, and at last at our hour there was a crowded room, even the windows full of women. So we abandoned billiards and remained much of the time in our rooms, reading and talking over the situation and prospects. We were obliged to get out occasionally for air and exercise, and seldom returned without some curious experience of the interest and curiosity of the community, until at last we confined our excursions to the early morning or after dark. And yet the attack went on.

I had to go to my meals (Pegram's were sent to his room, as he was an invalid), but was not allowed to eat them in peace, and I was waylaid on the stairways and passages with offers of books, assistance in nursing my sick friend, medicines, and much good advice, but seldom without some adroit questions bearing directly or indirectly on our identity.

At last one day as I descended the stairway, a handsome widow, Mrs. —— of Philadelphia, stopped me in a rather peremptory manner and said, "I want a word with you," and leading the way into one of the parlors, said, "Now I want you to tell me who you are and who is your friend?" "My name is Davis." "Where are you from?" "From Virginia." "What part of Virginia?" "Jefferson County." "I was at school at Madame Grelland's in Philadelphia with a very pretty girl from your county." "What was her name?" "Bettie Ranson; did you know her?" "Yes, she is my sister." "Then how do you happen to be Davis?" In my interest in finding an old friend of my sister, I was caught. I had to throw myself on the mercy of the woman and make a clean breast of it. Of course, I put her on her honor, but there was no need of this; she was heart and soul a Southern woman and carried me off at once to be introduced to her father, and afterward to a number of people, all of whom were in sympathy with the Southern cause. In an hour, the place which had hitherto seemed to swarm with

enemies, was now full of friends; but the finding of so many friends, although very comforting to the lonely travellers, was, nevertheless, not without its drawbacks.

There were a great many Union people in the company and these, finding that we were making acquaintances while they were excluded, naturally looked for the cause, and very soon settled it upon a political basis, and war was declared at Bedford Springs promptly.

As Pegram now had plenty of friends and more nurses among the enthusiastic women than he could possibly employ, it was decided that I could now withdraw and join my anxious family in Virginia. I even thought that our new-found friends were anxious to get me out of the way. They wanted to have their hero to themselves. Women dearly love to have an idol, and the inexperienced ones prefer a man to any other kind; so I left him the victim of an adulation which would have turned the head of any but a strong man.

A. R. H. RANSON.

Catonsville, Maryland.

LOUIS PASTEUR

Some summers ago, for the first time, I labored through the first part of Richardson's *Pamela*; one of the most famous novels in all literature. The tale that *Pamela* tells is repulsive almost beyond description. The region through which the novels of Zola move has the freshness and fragrance of a May morning compared with the scenes through which the reader is dragged by this well-meaning and pious little man who is commonly credited with having created the English novel. I say dragged, because I cannot believe that any modern reader will follow to the end Mrs. Pamela's long-drawn account of her trials, and of the singular reward that at last came to her for her peculiar virtue, unless he does so from a most painful sense of his duty as a student of English literature. For the book has nothing in it to charm or attract,—neither the animal gusto and sincerity of Fielding's novels, or of Smollett's, nor the elemental and half-innocent animality and the broad humor of Chaucer's coarser tales. *Pamela* is not witty, it has no charm of style, the moral it implies is almost unbelievably ridiculous, its piety alternately nauseates and wearies. Yet to the end of time, probably, college students of English literature, even if they are not required to read the book, will continue to hear that it is the first great English novel, and will so often be told by the teachers and literary critics that Richardson was a man of extraordinary genius, and one of the greatest of English novelists, that a few of the most conscientious in each generation of students will drive themselves to read this shortest of his three novels, while others will go to their graves weighed down by a sense of a solemn literary duty left undone.

When I had finished *Pamela*, I turned to another book wherein is recorded the life of one of the greatest and most entirely admirable men that have ever lived. It is written in a charming style, there is not a line of cant in it, the tale it tells is one of the most romantic that ever lay between the covers of a book, and as that tale is true as well as wonderful, it should be the inspiration of other romances true and wondrous, the world

over, until human effort has left nothing more to be accomplished in the service of man.

Yet so singular are the apportionments of literary fame that I do not suppose this book will ever come to be regarded as one of the literary masterpieces of the world. No college professor of literature, I feel sure, will ever frown at his class, or thunder indignant rebuke at them when they meekly confess they have not read it. Nevertheless, a dozen hours spent over it will do any young man or woman more good than a dozen years spent over such literature as Richardson's novels; and there is no worthy sense in which Richardson's novels can be called great literature, and Vallery-Radot's *Life of Pasteur* cannot. Bulk, to be sure, is on the side of the novelist: his masterpieces have the greater magnitude. He took more than thirteen hundred large pages to tell the things done to and by the absurd Mrs. Pamela. Six hundred pages sufficed M. Vallery-Radot to tell the story of a great life in, a life more than seventy years long, full of immortal achievement; with one or two possible exceptions, the greatest life in the century richest in great lives of all the centuries of history.

There is something mournful in the contemplation of the lives which most of the great men of letters have lived. There are very few such lives which, from first to last, we can view not only with unflinching respect and sympathy, but with entire satisfaction at the success which crowned them in the building of a character and in the accomplishment of a body of perfect work. When these lives are not sheer tragedy, they are likely to be so full of ungenerousness, so spoiled by narrowness of interest and sympathy, or by other littleness, or so marred by failure or half success, that one feels there would even be relief in the contemplation of tragedy so utter as that seen in the lives of Shelley and Keats, of Burns, and Byron, and Poe. I do not know whether the life of Pasteur may be regarded as the typical life of a great man of science or not; but I do know that as described in the book of which I have spoken, it seems to me very nearly a perfect life.

Of course I do not mean to say that Pasteur did not have to endure a good deal of suffering of the intensest sort. The senti-

mental side of his nature was unusually strong. There are not a few poets who have won fame by the lyric elaboration of their suffering, and who have yet not had a tithe of Pasteur's tenderness. When he was fifteen he was sent away from his childhood home at Arbois to attend school in Paris, accompanied by another boy, Jules Vercel. "If I could only get a whiff of the tannery yard,"—his father was a tanner,—“I feel I could be cured,” he would say to his companion. At last his homesickness became so acute that the authorities of the school he was attending sent for his father who came to Paris and took him back to Arbois. He had been away less than a month. To the end of his life he retained possession of this old home at Arbois, visited it not infrequently, and to the last never left it without a pang.

His affection for his father and mother was tender to an unusual degree. Both lived until long after he had reached manhood, his mother dying when he was twenty-seven, his father not until sixteen years later. When each died, he suffered an agony of grief. Indeed, for weeks after his mother's death he was unable to work. Five children were born to him, four daughters and one son. Three of the daughters died in early girlhood. There were other losses, too. A man of his tenderness and generosity is sure to be loved by the finest spirits among his co-workers, with an affection not common outside the bounds of the closest blood relationship. During his long life, Pasteur lost four or five such friends as few men ever have among their fellow-workers.

This loss of friends and relatives all, of course, must know something of—all, at least, who reach the years of manhood or womanhood; though many, certainly, do not feel such loss so deeply as did Pasteur. To this loss, as the source of great pain in his life, must be added the humiliation of his country by Germany in the Franco-Prussian war. A lover of humanity, and in one sense a citizen of the world, Pasteur yet felt the most intense affection for his native land. When Germany spoiled her in that hideous war of 1870 and robbed her of a part of her territory and her people, Pasteur suffered a blow from which he never recovered. Like Renan, he had believed in Germany,

and had confidently expected that she and France would march together in the van of nations, the friendly and equal promoters of science, education, and the arts of peace. Pasteur was a man of deeply religious mind, but when Germany inflicted that awful calamity upon France, he did not pretend to see in it the hand of God, and bow submissively to the divine will. That blow to the pride and greatness of his country made him love her only the more intensely, made him only the more deeply resolve that the whole world should yet confess her primacy in all the noble works of science and civilization. "It was to France that the glory of that hour belonged," he was wont to say with glad voice and eyes when anyone spoke to him of those great bursts of applause spontaneously accorded him during the last twenty years of his life whenever he was seen entering the hall at any international gathering of men of science. On the other hand, the war turned his earlier admiration for Germany, amounting almost to affection, into a bitter hatred which the years did not soften. Two incidents show how deep and abiding was Pasteur's feeling in this matter.

In 1868 the University of Bonn had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Medicine, in recognition of the contributions he had made by his experiments "to the knowledge of the history of the generation of micro-organisms." He had taken great pride in that degree, but in January, 1871, he wrote as follows to the Head of the Faculty of Medicine at Bonn:—

"Now the sight of that parchment is odious to me, and I feel offended at seeing my name, with the qualification of *Virum clarissimum* that you have given it, placed under a name which is henceforth an object of execration to my country, that of *Rex Gulielmus*.

"While highly asseverating my profound respect for you, Sir, and for the celebrated professors who have affixed their signatures to the decision of the members of your Order, I am called upon by my conscience to ask you to efface my name from the archives of your Faculty, and to take back that diploma, as a sign of the indignation inspired in a French scientist by the barbarity and hypocrisy of him who, in order to satisfy his criminal pride, persists in the massacre of two great nations."

To this letter, the Head of the Faculty of Medicine of Bonn, Dr. Maurice Naumann, thus replied:—

"Sir, the undersigned, now Principal of the Faculty of Medicine of Bonn, is requested to answer the insult which you have dared to offer to the German nation, in the sacred person of its august Emperor, King Wilhelm of Prussia, by sending you the expression of its entire contempt.

"P.S. Desiring to keep its papers free from taint, the Faculty herewith returns your screed."

Pasteur answered as follows:—

"I have the honor of informing you, Mr. Principal, that there are times when the expression of contempt in a Prussian mouth is equivalent for a true Frenchman to that of *Virum clarissimum* which you once publicly conferred upon me."

He then spoke bitterly of Germany's conduct in outraging the laws of justice and humanity by wresting the people of Alsace-Lorraine from an allegiance that they loved, and forcing upon them one that they could not but regard as bitterly alien. In a postscript, he ended thus:—

"And now, Mr. Principal, after reading over both your letter and mine, I sorrow in my heart to think that men who like yourself and myself have spent a lifetime in the pursuit of truth and progress, should address each other in such a fashion, founded on my part on such actions. This is but one of the results of the character your Emperor has given to this war. You speak to me of taint. Mr. Principal, taint will rest, you may be assured, until far-distant ages, on the memory of those who began the bombardment of Paris when capitulation by famine was inevitable, and who continued this act of savagery after it had become evident to all men that it would not advance by one hour the surrender of the heroic city."

The bitterness which could wring such letters as these from such a man as Pasteur must have been deep indeed. Surely it may be added that, however passionate Pasteur's initial action in this matter may have been, he appears here, as always, the noble and courteous gentleman whom not even indignation and pain can hurry into forgetting the amenities and the dignity of

language befitting communications between scholars. Severe his language in both letters certainly is; but it is nowhere simply base, as is that of the other party to this singular correspondence.

Nearly a quarter of a century had passed since the interchange of these letters, when the Berlin Academy of Science, while preparing a list of illustrious contemporary men of science upon whom the German Emperor was to be asked to confer the Order of Merit, remembering the Bonn incident, wrote to Pasteur, asking permission to include his name. Pasteur replied, courteously acknowledging the honor done to him as a man of science, but declaring that he could not allow his name to go upon the list. His passionate indignation at the wrong done his country had, indeed, grown calmer than it was in the days when he wrote, "Every one of my future works will bear on its title page the words: 'Hatred to Prussia. Revenge! Revenge!'" But not even in these last days of his life did he forget, not even then did he forgive. Not even then was his pain at his country's humiliation stilled, though he knew that he had himself borne a Titan's share of the labor which had done so much to wipe out the shame of her defeat in war by making France once again the leader in the infinitely nobler and greater conflict of science against the agencies of disease and pain.

But in spite of the loss and suffering which are the inevitable incidents of man's mortal weakness, Pasteur's life of seventy-three years was a life of such large and noble prosperity, so crowded with high achievements, a life so singularly free, throughout, from those heart-breaking failures and disappointments that attend some at least of the precious undertakings of most men, that we may speak of it as a classic life, to be studied and brooded upon by the aspiring young manhood and womanhood of all coming time, because of the stimulus and encouragement the record of that life affords to all fine, clear-visioned endeavor. It was even a life romantic for the fullness of its success. Every reader of the romantic fiction so popular in recent days, and perhaps yet, knows with what a sense of security, amid our breathless interest, we follow the hero into

perils from which nobody but the hero of a romance could ever have escaped unscathed. No doubt this feeling of security is due to some such reasoning as this: There are several hundred pages more of this book. No romance can travel through several hundred pages without its hero. Therefore, whatever happens to this hero in the end, he will get out of this scrape safely enough. So reasoning, we read on, excited and eager, but not afraid. The reader of Vallery-Radot's *Life of Pasteur* comes to have a similar feeling of security whenever that modest but seemingly inspired student of nature undertakes a new line of investigation, urged thereto by some suffering portion of his fellow-countrymen, or by sympathising friends of the sufferers, who know that if mortal help can avail anything against this evil, it must be the help of Pasteur. There is, however, this difference in our feelings regarding the biographer's hero and that of the romancer: we come to have a real faith in the essential infallibility of the former, while our faith in the latter case rests wholly on our certainty that the novelist will not so far outrage the conventions of his profession as to destroy his hero in the heyday of the action.

It is doubtful, indeed, if there ever lived a man who inspired in his contemporaries such confidence as came to be felt in Pasteur by the people of France, and in hardly less degree by the people of the whole civilized world: the confidence that he had both the will and the ability to wring from nature her darkest secrets for the amelioration and the benefit of man's life. There are pages in Vallery-Radot's *Life* which make one think of the touching confidence placed, or rather misplaced, by the simple-minded people of mediæval days, in the saints of the Church. The professed agents of the Church, for a compensation, offered healing to the afflicted by affording them contact with the blood, the bones, or other sacred relic of some son or daughter of hers whom the Church had officially denominated a saint. The people came, often in multitudes, paid their money, but generally kept their affliction. If the multitudes did not come in person to make their appeal to this saint of science, they sent their spokesmen, and they wrote him letters. Says M. Vallery-Radot: "Many letters brought to Pasteur requested

that he should study or order the study of such a disease." He gives this letter from a mother as an example:—

"You have done all the good a man could do on earth. If you will, you can surely find a remedy for the horrible disease called diphtheria. Our children, to whom we teach your name as that of a great benefactor, will owe their lives to you.
A MOTHER."

This saint, however, unlike the mediæval kind, allowed no promises to be made in his name, but to the limits of his time, and far beyond the proper limits of his strength, he labored in response to what he deemed the most pressing and the most practicable of these requests for help, not for an individual, but for humanity. When he was at last able to announce results, often after years of study and experiment, the whole world came to know that healing or help for one great affliction had indeed been found. Unlike those who managed the affairs of the mediæval saint, too, Pasteur made no bargain when his services were entreated, nor claimed any recompense even when the cure was wrought. True man of science of the loftiest type as he was, he was content if through his efforts pain had been prevented, human life saved, or, not less important to his patriotic soul, if some evil had been removed which was retarding the return of prosperity to his beloved France.

It is hardly necessary to dwell at length upon the specific achievements of Pasteur in his life-long war against physical evil. He has been dead considerably less than a quarter of a century; and not even we, who know ourselves to be the busiest and the most important generation that ever lived, can forget achievements like Pasteur's in a quarter of a century. Still, it may do no harm briefly to recall a few of the most important among them.

Pasteur began his career of scientific activity for the benefit of man's everyday industrial life by investigating the subject of fermentation. He continued this inquiry until he had established the germ theory of fermentation, with results which seem to have been of almost priceless value to the wine-growers and vinegar-makers of western Europe, and the brewers of the whole world. He refuted the theory of spontaneous generation as

strenuously advocated by practical men of science in modern times, including many of his own day, by showing that the facts by which it was supposed the doctrine of spontaneous generation was established were really facts in evidence of the germ theory. He thus set agoing studies and labors which, among other things, have revolutionized surgery. The suffering that has thereby been prevented, and the lives that have been saved, cannot be estimated. He was a true man of science, indeed, and so far as I know never declared that spontaneous generation was impossible. He only thought it unproved and very highly improbable; and he was indignant that the advocates of this barren theory should, against the evidence of careful experiment, oppose it so obstinately to the germ theory, of whose probable fruitfulness he had a clear vision very early in his career. Yet his mind was ever open upon this, as upon all other questions of scientific fact. Speaking before the French Academy of Medicine in July, 1878, he said:—

“I have sought for twenty years, and I am still seeking, spontaneous generation properly so called. If God permit, I shall seek for twenty years and more the spontaneous generation of transmissible diseases. In these difficult researches, whilst sternly deprecating frivolous contradiction, I only feel esteem and gratitude towards those who may warn me if I should be in error.”

At the urgent solicitation of his friend J. B. Dumas, the chemist, Pasteur next turned his attention to diseases which were at that time attacking the silk-worm and threatening the annihilation of the silk industry in France. He did not leave this subject until he had placed in the hands of the silk growers of France information which made them absolute masters of the hitherto mysterious diseases, pebrine and flachery.

Pasteur passed next to the study of the disease variously called anthrax, charbon, or splenic fever, which in the late sixties of the nineteenth century was destroying sheep and cattle in parts of France by tens of thousands. After long and patient study and experiment, Pasteur and his helpers were able not only to discover the cause of the disease, but to render it harmless by introducing into the animal's body, in attenuated and

degenerate form, successively stronger portions of virus-vaccine containing the bacteria to whose presence the disease was due.

There is time for mention of but two other great achievements the credit for which belongs wholly or in important part to Pasteur. Pasteur's announcement that he had discovered preventive treatment for hydrophobia, to be administered after the victim had been bitten, is within the memory of persons hardly yet in middle life. The fatalities resulting from the bites of rabid dogs have been reduced from between sixteen and eighty per cent, according to the severity of the bites, to less than one per cent when the Pasteur treatment is administered. It is perhaps not necessary to say that this treatment is simply another application of that fruitful idea which Pasteur employed in the treatment of anthrax—the idea of introducing into the body to be treated, in successive inoculations, increasingly strong portions of attenuated virus containing the bacteria that cause the disease.

Finally, we may note as in a measure to be credited to Pasteur the sero-therapeutic treatment of diphtheria, to which he was turning his attention in the last days of his life. If the immediate discovery of that treatment was not his, it will hardly be denied, I suppose, that this discovery owed its inspiration to his ideas.

This very imperfect résumé of Pasteur's work will give some faint idea as to what manner of investigator he was, and as to what were the aims and hopes with which he laid siege to the mysteries of nature. A teacher of young men all his life, there was never anything pedantic or merely academic in his conception of science or of its place among the interests and concerns of man. No man ever loved truth with a sincerer love, or hated error with a finer hatred. But no man ever saw more clearly than Pasteur that some truth is petty, and unworthy that a solemn siege should be laid at the gates of the mystery that hides it. His choice of a subject for investigation was never determined by the consideration that this subject had never before been investigated. The humble worker in science is no doubt more than excusable in allowing himself to be thus

guided. His highest hope of happiness must be that when the temple of scientific truth which the ages are slowly rearing is completed, there will be somewhere in it an obscure and it may be even unseen little stone which would be a far later but equally obscure addition to the mighty masonry if he had never lived. No doubt, too, the stone so painfully contributed by ambitious young candidates for a doctorate or by hard-worked and poorly equipped teachers must often at last be rejected outright by the master builders as unworthy of even an obscure place in the finished whole. But one of the fortunate attributes of genius in any kind is the ability to distinguish what is most worth doing, not only according to absolute standards, but according to the measure of the reasonable possibilities open at any given time. Possibly science will at last take account of all truth, even the petty truth, the trivial fact, whose significance seems wholly exhausted when we say that it was through a time longer or shorter, whether an hour, a year, an epoch, or an æon. Nevertheless, the world will forever measure its men of science according as their discoveries do or do not throw something more than a glimmer of light upon wide human interests that were pressing for attention at the time those discoveries were made. It is conceivable that some discovery which seems trivial now may come to seem of vast importance in the changed collocation of facts that will be found on the earth a thousand years hence. But we should hardly expect that remote time to re-rank, in its affection and its reverence, the great builders of the house of science, in order to do justice to that forgotten workman; or if we do expect anything of the sort, the crowding and the crowded ages, gladder far to forget than to remember, are almost certain to disappoint that expectation.

Bacon's idea that the true business of science is "the benefit and endowment of man's life" has never had a more faithful follower than Pasteur. More and more as he grew older, he came to feel that the greatest struggle in which the man of science of his day could engage was the struggle against virulent disease. The dream of the future of science that he most often indulged was of a time when the progress of

discovery would have lifted from humanity the cloud of suffering and fear that had so long been cast over it by cholera, yellow fever, the bubonic plague, and other diseases which he knew or believed to be of microbial origin.

Is it not the small man of science only who ridicules the idea that the supreme, even the only proper business of science, is to be useful to man? Of course there are many kinds of usefulness, all of them as worthy and important as the whole nature of man is worthy and important. To keep men alive and in good health, to enable them to feed themselves well and clothe themselves warmly and decently—all these are matters of obvious importance, if the existence of man on earth be even a modified blessing; and it is one of the eminent glories of modern science that it has done so much and promises to do so much more towards these ends, which, however seemingly humble and homely, we must yet admit to be really noble, unless we look upon life itself as ignoble. No one, however, not even the most hopeless and despairing drudge in mine or factory or kitchen, ever supposed that these things constitute the totality of worthy human concerns; though various types of preacher—not the pulpit variety alone, by any means—and also some very small persons of narrow sympathies, blind to the fact that the workings of the scientific and the non-scientific mind are fundamentally the same, have supposed that the great mass of mankind believe some such absurdity as this. The great Pasteur believed that the worthiest business for men of science in his day was the discovery of truth that would be fruitful in the direction of improved physical life for humanity. Probably no one, however, had a higher hope than he that all the wise and patient labor of modern science was leading to a great cleaning up in the intellectual, the moral, and the social life of the world. It was undoubtedly because Germany, one of the centres of science, struck that hope a staggering blow, that his feelings towards that country after 1870 became so bitter. It filled him with despair that in the very home of science the evidence of any cleaning up wrought by science in the moral life should be so completely lacking that the entire nation, from peasant to university professor, could vociferously defend the crime against

Alsace-Lorraine. But Pasteur was not of the stuff of which pessimists are made. He went bravely on with his war against the definite physical evils that beset the workaday life of humanity, and presently the larger hope rose again above the bitterness of disappointment. Very late in life he gave noble expression to this renewed hope, when, on December 27, 1892, men of science from all the world assembled in the theatre of the Sorbonne to celebrate his seventieth birthday. In the course of his address on that occasion, he said:—

“And you, delegates from foreign nations, who have come from so far to give France a proof of sympathy, you bring me the deepest joy that can be felt by a man whose invincible belief is that Science and Peace will triumph over Ignorance and War, that nations will unite not to destroy, but to build, and that the future will belong to those who will have done most for suffering humanity. . . .

“Young men, have confidence in those powerful and safe methods, of which we do not yet know all the secrets. And, whatever your career may be, do not let yourselves become tainted by a deprecating and barren scepticism, do not let yourselves be discouraged by the sadness of certain hours which pass over nations. Live in the serene peace of laboratories and libraries.”

Though there is in this passage a note of stoicism here and there, the hopefulness is throughout firm and resolute, and not less genuine than the unsaddened exuberance of his younger days.

Under the growing burden of its heroes and great men of all kinds, this weary old world may at last stagger into insensibility to greatness of any sort, or at least into inability really to remember anybody more than a generation or two. But so long as mankind makes a pretence of remembering its noblest benefactors, so long Louis Pasteur should remain one of the great memories of the world. No sweeter and cleaner life than his was ever lived. Poet in spirit and temper, save when he entered those regions of thought and effort in which the claims of logic and scientific method are supreme, poet even there in his vision of the ultimate exaltation and ennoblement of life through the instrumentality of science; saint of the great religion

of humanity who yet through all his days cherished his devotion to an older faith as well, Pasteur, we may believe, will have, in a degree surpassed by few other men in the history of the race, the love, the admiration, and the gratitude of mankind, until mankind no longer knows how to love and admire and be grateful.

As I wrote these words, there fell under my eye a brief item in a newspaper published some time in 1902, which stated that the town of Dole, in the department of the Jura, France, had just "erected a monument to the most illustrious of her children, Dr. Pasteur." Carved upon the base of this monument "is an allegorical figure of Humanity, in whose arms two sickly children have taken refuge. On the pedestal is this simple device: 'Grateful Humanity.'" To the memory of no other great man of whom I have ever heard could such a monument have been reared with so little the effect of hyperbole and extravagance.

R. D. O'LEARY.

University of Kansas.

CERTAIN LITERARY ASPECTS OF POE

To many readers Poe's imaginative works are chiefly interesting, not for what they are intrinsically, but for the vivid light which they indirectly throw on his strange and fascinating personality. With that class it is not so much the decorative and versatile prose-writer who attracts,—not so much the poet with his vision of regions lying beyond space and time,—not so much the sensitive and fastidious artist, in short, as the naked, detached man. They look to his verses and tales for the true explanation of all the unhappy vicissitudes of his life,—for a full revelation of the qualities which, by causing him to stand entirely apart from his own kind, made those vicissitudes inevitable.

Does not the same burning desire to pluck out the heart of a mystery animate the greater number of persons who read the poems of Byron and Shelley? Is this the attitude of many who peruse the poems of Wordsworth and Tennyson? Unconsciously, as it were, the mind in brooding over the spirit of *Childe Harold* and *Prometheus Unbound*, speculates as to the characters of the men to whom the world owes those strange creations. Are the thoughts of many inquisitive about the idiosyncrasies of the authors of *In Memoriam* and *The Excursion* in reading those poems? The poems are of supreme interest,—their paternity, in comparison, is of none. The reason is obvious,—as men, Tennyson and Wordsworth appeal to curiosity far less than Shelley or Byron, because, great as they were, they were nevertheless coldly and sternly conventional and normal. The impersonality of their poems naturally tends to excite no interest in their own personalities.

This does not reflect the emotion of most readers in their attitude towards Byron, Shelley, and Poe. Consummate literary artists as they were, they were more fascinating in their characters as poets, because endowed with an originality of personality, perverted it may be, to which Wordsworth and Tennyson, fortunately for their own happiness, could advance no pretension. It would be difficult to conceive of a more radical antithesis than

that presented in comparing the chequered, tumultuous existence of the three poets of erratic impulse, on the one hand, and the smooth, undeviating, contemplative existence of the two sober and judicious laureates, on the other. The last scenes in the lives of Poe, Shelley, and Byron, which offer a melancholy contrast to the serene closing hours of Wordsworth and Tennyson, reflected with absolute fidelity the disordered mutations in the careers of the restless and passionate trio.

The curious interest felt by so many readers in the idiosyncrasies of Shelley, Byron, and Poe is unequally gratified by the perusal of their poems. Poe, as we know, did not lack the power or the inclination to advertise the offsprings of his own brain,—indeed he displayed considerable skill in acting as his own press-agent during a period when that talent was not so highly developed or so audaciously flaunted as it is to-day. But he was not the morbid and insatiable egotist in his writings that Byron was; nor was his personality reflected in those writings so obtrusively as Shelley's was reflected in his. Every page of Poe's imaginative poems is stamped with the peculiarities of his genius as an author,—at the same time, there is no flagrant thrusting forward of self, as we observe in nearly every important work of Byron. His self-portraiture to a conscious degree is not projected beyond a bare suggestion in the background of the "Raven," "Annabel Lee," and "Ulalume." These poems disclose, in a spectral way, his personal loss,—the wound which fate has inflicted on his spirit,—but there is no echo there of Byronic introspection, nor even of Shelleyan revolt. In the imaginative prose works, on the other hand, there is a distinct personality which very often rises to view; but there is no reason to think that Poe in his own mind identified himself with this figure; which, as a matter of fact, he only in one or two particulars resembled. That figure is the figure of a man who, suffering from some fatal though unacknowledged distemper, and indulging in noxious drugs, "is given to musing over old books in an antiquated and gloomy chamber, and is reserved for a horrible experience."

Poe does not attribute to this sombre personality,—which is possibly the set shadow of himself,—those rebellious opinions,

those insurgent sentiments, which form the very core of Byron's and Shelley's self-revelations.

There was one quality which, at long intervals, and spasmodically, as it were, he did share with Byron,—a quality that had the flavor in some degree of the abnormal self-consciousness which distinguished that great poet. "Fame," he exclaimed with undisguised moroseness on one occasion, "forms no motive power with me. What care I for the judgment of a multitude, every individual of which I despise!" These words, which were wrung from him in private conversation, reflect with the most poignant fidelity the bitterness of his feelings in pondering over the disappointments and miscarriages of his life. There was, at the moment at least, no kink of affectation in his mind, no histrionic attitude of self-contemplation, such as makes us doubt the sincerity of the same sentiments as uttered by Byron. Byron was an outcast of fashionable English drawing-rooms, and his proclamation of contempt for mankind simply voiced the writhings of an unmanly vanity deeply wounded by the derisive finger pointed at him by the most fickle coterie of London.

Poe, on the other hand, had swallowed to the last drop the contents of the most poisonous cups which can be raised to human lips,—he had lost the young and lovely wife to whom he was devoted; he had combatted in vain the slings and arrows of the most extreme penury; he was sinking under the secret but steady encroachments of disease. There was nothing in life to afford him gratification or solace except the exercise of his incomparable art. And in the privacy of his own breast he was too full of that art really to despise fame for any length of time. In his exasperated moments, he himself confessed this. "I love fame," he exclaimed on one occasion, while in this more natural mood. "I dote on it. I idolize it. I would drink to the dregs the glorious intoxication. I would have incense ascend in my honor from every hill and hamlet, from every town and city on this earth. Fame! Glory!—they are life-giving breath and living blood. No man lives unless he is famous. How utterly I belied my nature and aspirations when I said I did not desire fame and that I despised it!"

In these passionate words,—words that have an echo of wildness,—the man expressed the permanent sentiments of his heart. Was it not to be expected that one who, from a cold, hard, worldly, and practical point of view, had made a pitiful failure of life,—who, being penniless, had no claim whatever to consideration judged by the standards of the hucksters and money-changers,—should almost feverishly exaggerate the value of his own reputation as a great writer? Fame was no small compensation for the harsh buffetings of fate to a spirit always so acutely sensitive, and often so morbidly despondent.

But love of fame with Poe had its origin, partly at least, in another feeling. There was a boyish side to his disposition up to the very last hour. We say boyish, for is not the desire to be celebrated,—to be talked about admiringly by all sorts and conditions of men,—an infirmity of youth, a weakness of that restless, unphilosophical period of life which is so much inclined to attach an inordinate importance to so many things, which, at a riper age, are justly thought to be hollow and worthless after all?

In the time in which the poet lived, there was, proportionately to the number of persons embraced in the higher classes, a larger circle who valued naked fame as a test of success in life than there is now, when pecuniary standards are so arrogantly applied as the only correct method of weighing the achievements of a career. There were not at that period the same extraordinary opportunities of accumulating fortunes; nor had vast estates been heaped up by myriads of speculators to dazzle the eyes of men, pervert and confuse their nobler judgment, and stimulate their meaner instincts. A burning emulousness in the race for fame, to be won by pure and simple intellectuality, was then far more common. There was then a love of distinction for its own sake,—not for the sake of what it would return in a material way. We perceive the existence of this spirit, not only in many of the most meritorious writers of those times, but also in many of the most accomplished lawyers and statesmen. For the eminent to die poor, or to leave small properties, was the rule, and not the exception; and this fact was not looked upon as reacting to the discredit of their memories. The commonwealth, being then young, was animated by less worldly standards

of value. The quarrelsome, disparaging attitude which Poe detected in the petty literary coteries of his day and so mercilessly scourged, may have had its origin in some degree in this spirit of rivalry, which in the impotent who are also aspiring always degenerates into mean jealousies and coarse intolerance.

There was another characteristic of young and provincial America, however, which Poe did not share, and that fact has been used against him without scruple by one set of his detractors. Griswold decried the value of his imaginative works on the ground that they were entirely "devoid of conscience"; and a later critic from New England, unbiased by Griswold's personal feeling, but equally puritanic in his outlook, disparages the same works because they cannot be said to promote the growth of the moral utilities.

From the point of view of these two writers it was the highest good fortune of the literary world of America, during that period of its history, that it was controlled, not only by the polished standards as to style, but also, and above all, by the ethical views, of the New England School. It is not unjust to this School to say,—indeed, this School, perhaps not inappropriately, claimed it as its greatest distinction,—that it was dominated by those Puritan ideals which made Art the plodding coach-horse of Morality, and which looked upon it as serving its only true object in thus quickening the moral progress of mankind. Reduced to their last analysis, those ideals signified that Longfellow's *Psalm of Life* attained to a far higher platform than Poe's *Haunted Palace*, and, therefore, it was essentially the greater poem of the two. The one was a perfect moral homily, and whether faithful to the canons of Art in expression or not, it was superior to verse which made no pretense whatever to convey any sort of moral homily, though admitted to have reached the loftiest region of Art in expression.

Griswold, in condemning Poe's works because they were so plainly devoid of a moral purpose, declared that "conscience is the parent of whatever is absolutely and unquestionably beautiful in Art as well as in Conduct." Now this admirable deliverance would have sounded very much more congruous in the mouth of a Longfellow or a Whittier,—men whose personal and literary

lives illustrated the beauty of so fine a sentiment,—than in the mouth of the author of the most libelous of all memoirs. There is a decided reminiscence of Griswold's former cloth about the words, an echo distinctly suggestive of a revived clerical unctuousness; but there can be no doubt whatever that, in thus confidently publishing his dictum, he reflected with fidelity the conclusion of our greatest single school of writers, who candidly and honestly entertained that sentiment. Probably, nowhere would such an exclusive, such a sweeping opinion have been proclaimed so emphatically as in a provincial community, which is always more unanimous in upholding its ideals and always surer of their correctness than one distinguished for greater diversity of interests and sentiments, and from longer experience and riper culture disposed to regard all generalizations with more or less caution and distrust.

From an historical point of view at least, there are no immutable standards of conscience of the sort which Griswold had in mind in disparaging Poe. Have not most ethical criterions undergone very great modification from age to age in the general course of the centuries? The moral tests of the Babylonian did not resemble those of the Egyptian; those of the Egyptian did not resemble those of the Grecian and Roman; while the moral tests of the mediæval Italian are far from recalling those of the modern Englishman and American. The purely moral codes of the great ethical exemplars of recorded time indeed were based upon dissimilar interpretations of what really constitutes the true conscience. But throughout the vast reach of the centuries, stretching from the remotest Assyrian Empire to our own era, has not the sense of the beautiful always existed? Different standards of beauty undoubtedly prevailed in different ages so far as they applied to Art, but it is quite probable that the emotion of the Babylonian looking at a sunset from his hanging garden was as acutely pleasurable as that of the Greek gazing at the same phenomenon in the western sky from the peak of the Acropolis, or of the Englishman, from Richmond Hill; or of the American, from the terrace of the Capitol at Washington. All had the same titillation of beauty, although the capacity to express it may have varied.

The most beautiful objects of nature, at least,—the sky, the ocean, the mountain,—must have made the same impression on the cultivated pagan as they did on the refined Christian, although their respective views of human slavery, polygamy, and suicide, may have been repugnant in the extreme. The hues of the gorgeous flower, the tints of the fresh sea-shell, and the plumage of the tropical bird, must have excited the admiration of all men in all ages who advanced the smallest pretensions to civilization.

Griswold, in asserting that Poe's writings were devoid of what the Puritan, with his austere ideals, pronounced a conscience,—a sense of moral utility, which, lofty as it is in its finest manifestations, so often passes into the region of falsehood and hypocrisy,—stated what was exactly true. Poe was a Greek in his view of his art; there was not only an after-smack of Helicon in the mere verbal expression of his genius, but there was something essentially Hellenic in his whole literary temper. In failing to breathe into his pages the spirit of the Puritan conscience, and in suffusing those pages, for a substitute, with the spirit that springs from the worship of pure beauty, he was perhaps assuring for himself at least a little of the fame which has, in the case of the Greek classics, survived all those mutations and shiftings which, since their times, have taken place in mankind's code of ethics; and which promises still to survive when the last volume of the literature of the Puritan conscience,—not even excepting Milton's *Paradise Lost*,—shall have been consigned to the unvisited shelves of mouldering oblivion.

Poe concentrated his gaze upon those physical and spiritual phenomena of beauty which take no more cognizance of a thousand years than they do of one year. As long as men shall retain any knowledge of the language in which his works are written, so long is it probable that those works will continue to be read and admired, simply because, in their essence, they are true to nature, the one thing that will survive all human systems, all codes of ethics, since it alone is as eternal as the hand of God who framed it.

It is one of the most remarkable antitheses of his life,—and was there ever a life which had antitheses more remarkable?—

that a person whose whole existence after arriving at manhood was steeped to the very core in poverty and its contaminating sordidness, and whose infirmity of will so often placed him in situations apparently so destructive of all æsthetic delicacy and refinement, should, nevertheless, never have lost even partially his extreme susceptibility to whatever was fairest in Art and Nature. The contrast between this perfervid worshipper of beauty, with his head touched by a brilliant ray from the Empyrean, and the man so often dragged through the mire by his own weakness, was impressive and dramatic enough, without the darkness of the real picture being further blackened in a spirit of wanton malignity. There is in all literature no instance of greater fidelity, not one of more adamant loyalty, to æsthetic ideals than was presented in the literary life of Poe. This adoration of beauty in all its varied forms was his finest characteristic. It may even be said that it was his only religion, although he died with an invocation for Heaven's mercy on his lips.

Again and again he referred to that "divine sixth sense,—the sentiment of the beautiful which is yet so faintly understood. . . . That sense which speaks of God through his purest, if not his sole, attribute, which proves, and alone proves, his existence."

It was not the small voice of conscience which, as Griswold would have it, demonstrated in Poe's opinion the Deity's existence; it was the existence of the beautiful; and therefore in worshipping the beautiful,—in burning incense on the altar of the highest æsthetic ideals,—he felt that he was showing the noblest kind of reverence for the Creator of all things. Borne up to the loftiest atmosphere of his art on the wings, as it were, of this glorious monomania, he seemed almost to realize the extravagant description of Graham, who said: "He longed to bathe his soul in the dreams of seraphs. . . . He was of a fine essence that moved in an atmosphere of spirits." Inevitably and irresistibly such a man exhibited the powers of a poet just as soon as he was old enough to cast his thoughts and fancies into a rhythmical shape; and naturally enough he early formulated a theory as to his art in harmony with his intense devotion to his con-

ception of beauty. "Readers do exist, and always will exist," he wrote, "who, to hearts of maddening fervor, unite in perfection the sentiment of the beautiful. To readers such as these, and only such as these, must be left the decision of what the true poetry is; and these, with no hesitation, will decide that the origin of poetry lies in a thirst for a wider beauty than earth supplies,—that poetry itself is the imperfect effort to quench the immortal thirst by novel combinations of beautiful forms; and that this thirst, when even partially allayed, produces emotions to which all other human emotions are vapid and insignificant."

"Beyond the limits of beauty," he declared, "the province of poetry does not extend. Its sole arbiter is taste. With the intellect or with the conscience it has only collateral relations. It has no dependence, unless incidentally, upon either duty or truth."

In his review of Longfellow's ballads, he propounded his now famous theory that "beauty only should be the theme of art. If truth was its chief object, the highest aim of art, then Jan Steen was a greater artist than Angelo; Crabbe a nobler poet than Milton."

Had the theory thus expressed not shaped and deeply colored all his own verse, its origin might, in some measure, have been attributed to his detestation of the New England School. There could hardly have been employed by him a more destructive method of disparaging that School. But no room for doubt exists that this theory as to poetry was one of the most impersonal and independent convictions of his life; and that his dislike of the New England writers as a body was not the cause, but the result of this theory; although it is possible that a sense of sectional antipathy may have unconsciously tinted his opinion of that circle of writers.

Who were the poets who most profoundly influenced his taste? Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson preëminently, and, in a hardly less degree, Coleridge. "These," he said, "with a few others of like thought and experience, I regard as the sole poets." But the most remarkable of them all, in his opinion, was Keats. "Beauty," he asserted, "was always the aim of that poet."

Why was it that Poe's sense of beauty was, in its most characteristic aspects, almost always associated with death and ruin? "Of all melancholy topics, what, according to the universal understanding of mankind, is the most melancholy?" he asks. "Death, is the obvious reply. And when is this most melancholy of topics most poetical? When it most closely allies itself to beauty,—the death of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetical topic in the world."

Could there be a more convincing proof of the entire absence of voluptuousness in his genius? His sense of beauty, so far as the opposite sex was concerned, was touched most fully, not by the living woman, but by the dead,—it was not the physical but the spiritual in her which fascinated his mental eye. No other poet ever presented woman in a light quite so ethereal. Not only is the earthly side completely overlooked, but even the feminine seems ignored,—except so far as it assumes a form as impalpable as a moonbeam, or as elusive as a whiff of vanishing steam. Those who are inclined to take a disparaging view of the moral aspects of Poe's life will search in vain through his imaginative works for a single sentence that is suggestive of pruriency, indelicacy, impiety, or any other quality that indicates moral corruption and degeneracy. The wild revolt of his fellow lyricist, Shelley, against all conventions, all laws, all customs, however consecrated by the sympathies and associations of unnumbered generations of men, was not reflected in the pages of the American poet; nor was the languishing, voluptuous spirit of Keats mirrored there; nor the satanic, restless, outrageous spirit of Byron.

Poe's imaginative works have all the moral reserve and purity of Tennyson's, without any suggestion of those commonplace domestic virtues, of that rigid conventionality, to which the laureate never failed to bow in homage even in his most fervid moments. Having an abnormal susceptibility to impressions of beauty, it followed that he was not devoid of that sensuousness which takes the form of a dreamy appreciation of the magnificent, the gorgeous, the splendid. He was always quick to observe anything of a nature to appeal to artistic sensitiveness. "During my first call at your house," he wrote Mrs. Shew, "I noticed

with so much pleasure the large painting over the piano, which is a masterpiece indeed; and I noticed the size of all your paintings, the scrolls indeed of set figures of the drawing room carpet, the soft effects of the window shades, also the crimson and the gold. . . . I was charmed to see the piano and the harp uncovered. The features of Raphael and the Cavalier, I shall never forget,—their softness and beauty."

Full of this fine emotion about things which must have derived their principal charm from his own imagination,—for Mrs. Shew's drawing-room could hardly have presented a scene of extraordinary elegance and beauty,—what would not his sensations as a poet have been could he have gazed at the fretted façades and the emblazoned windows of the Old-World cathedrals; or strolled through the decorated galleries of the Pitti Palace and the Louvre; or from the bridges over the Arno at Florence watched the sun rise from behind the crest of the Apennines; or from the Lido at Venice seen it set behind the Euganean Hills; or beheld the Rhine rolling between its castellated crags; or from Cooper's Hill looked down upon Windsor's gray turrets and the silver thread of the Thames winding through its meads and cornfields!

But Poe's genius did not exhibit itself exclusively in conceptions about which the light of a spectral or ethereal sensuousness seems to play. There is in his imaginative prose an accuracy almost mathematical in its precision, a marvellous copiousness of detail, great subtlety, great acuteness of reasoning power, extraordinary capacity for analysis. This is the more remarkable in one who could correctly say of himself that "to dream had been the business of his life."

X In one set of his tales, imagination predominates; in the other, a clear, penetrating intellect. But original as all are,—supremely artistic as are the greatest,—it is a cause for regret that he should not, like Tennyson, have poured out his whole genius on poetry. The literature of the world to-day would be the richer if, discarding his untenable theory that all poems should be short, he had embodied in undying verse at length such prose masterpieces as *Ligeia*, *Eleonora*, and the *Fall of the House of Usher*. With him, poetry, as he himself said, was a passion.

Had it been his only literary passion,—had it absorbed all his thoughts and bounded all his efforts as a writer,—he would have made, by the exercise of his pen, not relentless enemies, but faithful friends; and, in consequence, his primacy among American authors would long ago have been acknowledged by his countrymen as universally as it was, almost from the outset of his career, acknowledged by foreign nations.

PHILIP ALEXANDER BRUCE

Norfolk, Virginia.

THE SONGS AND SONNETS OF JOHN DONNE

I.

It was a pretty fancy which induced Lowell to declare in one of his memorable sentences that the great poet inevitably reduces contemporary literature and history to a mere commentary upon his work; and the fancy is the prettier because of its suggestiveness. Dante was the poet of whom the critic was speaking, and the reader of the *Divine Comedy* appreciates the remark almost visibly. The age of Dante, the poets who sang with the "dolce stil nuovo," the figures who made the period about thirteen hundred picturesque and vital, are present to the eye of the student in the form of foot-notes, so easy is it to think of them embodied in solid, fine-printed prose appended to a half dozen lines of verse. And again, he is impressed by the wonderful way in which Dante has kept, as it were, his world in hand. His triple rhymes are always surrounded, clothed in that contemporary life and learning, most appropriately carrying on mediæval tradition in which gloss often completely encircles poem or precious prose. The *Divine Comedy* is inevitably, from the nature of the work itself and from mere typographical tradition, married to its time, which is helpmeet and handmaid, too.

In similar way Shakespeare stands forth as the absolute monarch of his time, the feudal overlord to whom all men and things owe fealty; and yet that poet of the age of great Elizabeth is far less visibly the tyrant. The reader of Shakespeare does not, presumably, think of *Hamlet* or *The Tempest* as weighted down with square notes heavy with history and philosophy. His age is relegated to the back of the volume for the curious who have interest, or patience, or subtle sense of dissatisfaction in interpreting the lines in the light of present facts rather than in that of contemporary conditions. Shakespeare does not keep his age in hand, does not walk down the centuries clothed in his own time, but to the ordinary reader is indefinitely up to date, is, as it were, eternally contemporary. The form of Dante texts is that imposed by monastic study, that of Shake-

speare by worldly enjoyment; and whereas in reading Dante one can hardly escape knowing of Guido Cavalcante, of Brunetto Latini, of Corso Donati, of Oderisi d'Agobbio, none but scholars need know in reading Shakespeare of Fulke Greville, or Samuel Daniel, of Lord Buckhurst, or Sir Thomas Egerton.

So it is, that the lesser poets are lost in the greater, with the consequent result that to the ordinary reader the sweet singers and noble imaginers of the period round about the accession of James the First are mere names, if so much as that. Yet there are many men of those days worth knowing for their own sake, and even more worth knowing for the company they kept. If, as might be contended with some truth, we are the poorer for the unmeasured richness of Shakespeare, we have compensation in our loss. The little men may be, and are, from time to time rediscovered; so that the ages have a constant opportunity for enjoying freshly the unspoiled bypaths of literature, the more delightful in that the ways are partly grown up and difficult, sure sign of few frequenters; and there is in literature a delight in privacy. The great men we must love perforce; in the little men we find our freedom for individual taste and character.

Among the most striking poets of this Elizabethan age so fertile in poets and yet, curiously, so blotted by the blinding brilliancy of Shakespeare, is a figure of extraordinary variety—a scholar of civil and canon law, a wit, a poet, a preacher. There is but one man who answers to all the names upon this list—John Donne; and scholars have learned to appreciate the impressiveness of his name. It required powerful attainments to give Donne a reputation for incomparable legal learning, for unmatched pulpit eloquence; to make Ben Jonson, the competent critic, tell Drummond that John Donne was "the first poet in the world in some things." Nor was his character less striking and wonderful. Of all the men in those rich days, we know most, perhaps, of Donne; and yet that fullness of knowledge merely means greater ignorance, such contrasts, antitheses, appear in him—sensuality and spirituality, worldliness and godliness, coarseness and refinement; characteristics which dwell together in society, but rarely in the individual. His

nature and his attainments, all in their great variety, tax our imaginations to unify, to make alive.

This has been made clear by discussions and recent attempts at biographical composition: that, fascinating as his elusive character is from the psychological standpoint, valuable as it is from the literary and historical in giving a comment upon the time, interesting as are the prose works, devotional and legal, for the antiquarian and the lover of quaint and outworn forms of expression and learning—fascinating and interesting as Donne is from every approach, the real value of the man for us lies in his poetry. Careful reading will convince us, when the ear is alert for strange and beautiful melody, and the mind for pregnant turn, and the heart for sincere and tender feeling. But patience must be with us to sustain through arid wastes of quibble, conceit, and ludicrous uncouthness. The strange man has written strange verse; in that, as in his attainments and his character, the antipodes sit together. His verse is the expression of his time, sincere, extravagant, wild and wonderful.

We have much verse of Donne preserved to us, almost miraculously one might think, since only after his death were the floating fragments of his youth gathered together and put forth in print, all claiming attention for some reason, illustrative or poetic. The admirer of Donne will find discrimination invidious, yet one must admit that the *Songs and Sonnets* carry heaviest freight of poetic value. They are as a body the love poems, if not the only poems dealing with love: and on them must hang the importance of Donne for these changed times, whatever varied notability was his three centuries ago. Donne was infinitely more than a lover and a poet in this world when he trod the old streets of London. His contemporaries thought of him primarily as the great scholar and divine; but his life work has been abraded by the slow wash of time until it has diminished to almost pure lyric proportions. In spite of all the heavy books of sermon and the rest, John Donne remains a figure in English literature because of these fifty odd little poems labelled since 1635 "Songs and Sonnets." So has our later age shifted the judgment of earlier days, so do the lesser often prove the greater against the touchstone of time.

II.

The central quality in a poet invariably appears to the mind with full certainty only after one has read, and the particular facts and lines and melodies have become a bit blurred and dim. Memory, if not the surest discoverer of central principles, is the surest tester. This faculty dwelling upon constant re-reading of the *Songs and Sonnets* brings out with tangible distinctness the quality of sincerity as the very essence of the lyrics—passionate sincerity or earnestness, even in his lightest moods. The quality is no passive thing, but vigorous. It is the quality which to some extent pervades all Elizabethan literature, speaking most broadly—for there were flaccid singers then as always—and gives us so lively a sense of manly enterprise and indefatigable curiosity. The whole age is alive to the finger tips. It is what we should expect then in a man of original power, this energy and fullness of life. But what makes these songs unprecedentedly nervous is their almost exaggerated energy and vitality. Donne was, indeed, in these poems Elizabethan, but more, one cannot help feeling it, he was hyperbolically Elizabethan.

He had the sincere self-confidence, the fine self-assertion which held him from weak imitation. He was no follower; hardly a leader, for he struck out at too fast a pace; but a party unto himself. He said his say, sang his song, with no imitative thought; but rather, one imagines, abhorring even precedent as hampering the full expression of personality. His thought or his mood at the moment was his interest, and only that. One thinks of him as seized by a desire to write his lyric, expressive not of remembered, but of present mood; and unhappy, or incapacitated from any other thought or occupation, until he has obeyed the inner tyrannous impulse. His lyrics have the reality which, one feels, could come only from necessity, as if written for no one's pleasure, perhaps not even for his own, but because they had to be, before he could turn with easy mind to the next intense moment. We do not need to know the facts of his biography to be sure that life each day to him was as absorbing as only genius can know it. The songs glow with the heat of compressed energy, glitter with feverish eagerness to note the

emotion which must have utterance, and almost ring with the triumph of mood caught or thought suggested.

The poems are pure lyric—lyric with the true spirit of lyric poetry, the sincere expression of personal emotion. In an age when dramatic literature and attitude claimed chief attention, it is notable to find in Donne a spirit distinctly undramatic. Outside of the satires where the dramatic element was imitative and experimental, there is hardly a trace in his work of this instinct. One imagines that he felt in such expression a certain indirection which seemed to him half insincerity. Or, perhaps, rather, this attitude even in lyric poetry did not interest him. The dramatic form must always—certainly the dramatic mood—appeal from inception through all stages of execution to an audience. The dramatic is, to be sure, the attitude of the greatest poets, but it was foreign to Donne's whole nature. Mindful of his own soul, he was more completely than any other of the minor poets the laureate of his own emotions.

If the poets of the spontaneous or intimate class be few and rare, they have a charm all their own. The listener may overhear, as it were, their most secret thoughts, and if, as is certainly the case, he is not completely an intruder, he is rather tolerated than invited. They are lovable for their rich nature and their full experience, if not admirable for finished art and sustained levels of poetic expression. It is indeed a fault of Donne, as of his fellow singers,—this imperfection of the art of which he is the exponent. Donne at least gives one, in the light of treatise and large sermon, the impression of being a poet by the way. Not art but matter was the end of his creed of life. He said what he must as he must. For him the moment produced and the moment obliterated. Was the mood fervent enough to flash forth in perfect word or line, the better; did it miss complete expression, the worse. But the moment of inspiration past, to try to recall it was vain. Such is the impression hardly detachable from these varied and uneven lyrics; such is the art of Donne,—a thing of necessity, or if you will, of accident, with all its inherent unevenness of result.

It is only fair, then, mindful of this irregularity of inspiration, to come to Donne prepared to rejoice at the fine moments, and

to pass lightly over the lines which fail of poetic completeness. He does not demand toleration; he was not writing for us who read; and yet we may well be aware that were he a greater artist or more even singer we should lose the sudden flash which opens for us new treasures, perhaps reveals depths of nature or of life which we never before suspected. So does irregularity of genius become in these poems a thing of interest in itself, as always holding in reserve a possible reward beyond all reckoning.

The very unevenness of these pieces has too a curious result upon the reader. The perfect poet, say Tennyson or Keats, guiding his genius with firm hand, impresses us in wholes—the mind feels and recalls the whole of a poem, in which every phrase is final in itself, in its harmony, and its relation to others. So that until the poem has become by actual study the reader's own for always, the single word or turn fails to become easily a part of the mental possession. In the case of Donne it is not so. We are constantly taken by surprise, by a happy phrase, a mere adjective, by a line of startling suggestiveness. Such pregnant phrases may not be thinly strewn, and yet, forced apart by obscure or ugly passages, they stand as unconnected units in separately memorable form. To read Donne carefully is to go away with a hundred such phrases and thoughts, whereas in reading much greater poets one has an impression, finer and nobler in its integrity and kind perhaps, but hardly more satisfactory.

Yet even though one harks back to Donne in one's memory as a poet of lines and phrases, he is more than that. Many of his pieces have a unity of form, a vigor of outline, which makes them far from things of shreds and patches. When the divine mood was on, it did not allow him to stop short of artistic unity. One could name twenty poems with real perfection of composition, rugged but balanced and developed with full rhythmic sense of lyric poetry. One hardly finds here, nor should one think to find, the chaste and perfect beauty of a Greek vase, but rather the beauty which comes from the infinite vitality of invention, of vigorous design, of, say, a goblet of Benvenuto Cellini.

But after all qualifications are made, Donne's inspiration

rarely lasts long enough to result in wholes. Even where the design of the lyric has beautiful balance the execution within the design is uneven; like a hasty sketch in the open, which is in many a place left unfinished for retouching, except that Donne probably had no intention to stipple later the rough washes of the moment. The reader thus returns to the poem for a few lines, a happy word, or an awakening thought. It is not so much "Love's Alchemy" which makes the impression upon one as the fine beginning,—

"Some that have deeper digg'd love's mine than I";—

it is not so much "The Good Morrow" as the lovely lines,—

"If ever any beauty I did see
Which I desired and got, 'twas but a dream of thee."

Nor can one wonder; for thoughts, expressions, and music of the verse cling to one like salt of the sea breeze.

Like every man of profound nature and originality, Donne is full of fresh and illuminating thought. Often a poetic phrase comes like a revelation. The poet looks into himself and thinks with eyes as free from dead visions of the past as Adam in the garden of Eden. To him the world is transparent, opening up to his super-sensual sight essential meanings, even though his vision like his art is irregular and unsustained. The very passionate intensity of the man blinds him now and again where a calmer nature would have "seen life steadily and seen it whole." His character conditioned him and his work too. His uneven temper and art were as likely to chase the *ignis fatuus* of some far-fetched conceit or fantastic thought with all his intensity, as to pursue a worthier object. The very originality which gives him power when at his best, makes him doubly, nay trebly, liable to these divagations which leave these fatal marks upon his verse, to dim if not destroy the pure light of his truer and happier moments. The eyes which now and again could pierce the wrappings of life, could see what was not there and think to find beauty and poetic truth in wild unlikeness and grotesque paradox. He was too brilliant, too innately witty. The man of passionate intensity is almost certain, it seems, to be entirely, or almost entirely, devoid of all sense of humor. He

lacks the requisite detachment from things of the moment. It is at least certain that nowhere in Donne's poems does one find evidence to contradict this generalization. But of wit Donne was the living embodiment, if wit is the keen play of mind upon ideas, delighting to find likeness in unlikeness and strange, unexpected relationships. Sermon and hymn and love-lyric are full of consequent paradox and conceit, far-fetched simile and metaphor; so full, indeed, that Donne's fame as poet has been blurred by this unhappier quality of his genius; and he has long stood in literature as a mere juggler with the ludicrous, a clown dancing with infinite cleverness upon the tight-rope of conceit. What is more, he has been held the laborious constructor of enigmas, as if the constant presence of the same fine-spun ingenuity even in his letters and sermons were not convincing evidence that he was spontaneously witty, from nature and from long training in subtle distinction of scholastic argument and learning. In this again he was merely going his age one better, and tossed off, we may believe, his involved lyrics with all the ready carelessness their spirit seems to show. They are still, with all their elaborate wit, the personal expression of a spontaneous poet.

The witticisms of the *Songs and Sonnets* certainly are the product of the worse side of Donne's genius. They are the sediment polluting "the sacred well that from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring." Yet so completely are the faults and virtues bound up in him, that one can even be thankful for extravagances—as if in Donne all poetic canons were broken, and his strange genius had the power to validate the most obvious vices. The wonder is not that with his nature and training he should use forced and extraordinary metaphors, but that he should be able to endow them with such spiritual meaning that they occasionally take on a beauty of their own. None but an extravagant wit could think of making so poetically ludicrous a comparison as that between parting lovers and the legs of a draughtsman's compass; but clothed upon with the deep feeling and tender love of the "Valediction Forbidding Mourning" the figure becomes a thing of haunting suggestiveness and piquancy.

"If they [our souls] be two, they are two so
 As stiff twin compasses are two;
 Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.

"And though it in the centre sit,
 Yet, when the other far doth roam,
 It leans and hearkens after it,
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

"Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,
 And makes me end where I begun."

Such is the power of complete honesty in phrasing thought and feeling—the strangest matter transmuted to gold by the white heat of sincerity.

It is the prerogative of the poet to speak a new language and create, as it were, a new æsthetic, not by theory, but by happy practice. And the *Songs and Sonnets* are full of examples, even if they are not themselves examples, of this fact. No verse but bears the hall-mark of John Donne. There is the splendid condensation of meaning in a single word, sign of the true poet, as in the full line,—

"Without sharp north, without declining west,"—

a line which, like many more, gives endless joy, so alive with meaning is it, so alert. And then there are the lines with not less illuminating and vital music of rhythm, which sing, and speak, too, and speak in singing. Indeed, it seems almost as if there were in Elizabethan air a something which forced words in lyric measure to sing, so full are the song-books of the music of the spheres. Those were the days when songs were songs; and no one could write without catching, it would appear, some echoes of this all-pervasive music. Donne's verses are distinctly Elizabethan in this as in other respects, and in spite of their traditional ruggedness are full of rich harmonies. So instinct are they with rhythm that long after reading the poems, it is possible to hear ringing in the head measures of which one has lost the words.

Yet the poems are rugged; oftentimes are difficult to read with the lilt and flow that we expect to find in songs of this cast

and size. They certainly have not the luscious quality of, say, the charming pieces of *England's Helicon*. In measure as in other things Donne stands alone. So individual is he that critics have wished to settle upon him conscious theories of metrical structure and attempted reforms of Elizabethan prosody. However this may be in the satires, where there is small doubt that Donne, like his contemporary imitative satirists, tried the rough metres of Persius and Juvenal, it is hardly justifiable to assume the same consistent purpose in the songs, where all characteristics seem emphatically to point away from steadily conscious artistic effort. It seems more likely, although it might be difficult to prove, that Donne was actually without keen ear for music, but that driven by his time and his own overpowering poetic instincts he wrote more or less unconsciously the gloriously melodious lines—a supposition not so impossible it would seem when one remembers the occasional melody of Emerson's verse, albeit his ear was notably unmusical. Perhaps, too, it might be added as a possible corollary, that Donne, unimpressionable to the melody which is presumably always present consciously or unconsciously in the mind of a poet writing lyrics musically conceived, attuned his verse not to sung rhythm but to spoken, and that thus conceived, his verse took on break in line and shift in accent, violent when read with an assumed singing melody in mind, but poetically justified when the poems are considered not as songs for music in any sense, but as pieces for rhythmic speech. This is no place to elaborate so involved a possibility, but it must be lightly suggested as offering an explanation which accords with the spontaneity of the poems themselves. But whatever the explanation of the haunting rhythms and melodies of the *Songs and Sonnets*, there are repeatedly splendid bursts of music, soft and low, or swelling into impressive grandeur—to use a word of Donne's own, into "organic" tones—as in these lines from "The Anniversary":—

"Only our love hath no decay;
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday;
Running it never runs from us away,
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day."

However the music comes, studied or unstudied, it is here and there, and yonder,—the poems rise and fall with it, and now and again, like Wordsworth's vale, are "overflowing with the sound."

It is indeed a point to be insisted upon even out of due proportion, considering the unfair judgment of Donne's verse,—the just beauty of his finest lines. Everyone knows the metallic glint of—

"A bracelet of bright hair about the bone,"—

even though it is hardly more wonderful in its perfect service of sound to sense than others less strikingly brilliant. There is the sweet surprise which trembles in—

"I wonder by my troth what thou and I
Did till we loved?" ;—

the ecstasy in—

"Some lovely glorious nothing did I see" ;—

the passionate devotion in—

"Thou art so true, that dreams of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories."

These have a suggestiveness of verse music so absolutely in harmony with the thought and mood beneath, that they take rank among the final lines in our rich lyric literature. But these are samples merely of many so subtly beautiful that they seem sometimes hid by pure perfection. Donne is no poet to read once, but a hundred times, and at each new reading new harmonies strike the ear, new meanings and suggestions appear in what one thinks to be familiar passages. So that one is constantly surprised by the exquisite ways in which Donne's genius has "knit that subtle knot" between thought and expression which makes verse poetry.

So easy is it to forget in thinking of the splendid passages in the *Songs and Sonnets*, that one has often to shake oneself to the realization of the limitations of his work. Unevenness of inspiration, ruggedness of verse, incompleteness of expression, all make his poetry a thing to be read with pencil in hand,—especially since many a passage which seems obscure upon reading and re-reading, flashes suddenly forth as a passage to be

marked after all hope has been given up. For Donne is like all intimate poets, and far more than most, difficult. His art is casual; he writes for himself; and his writings become at times a sort of short-hand for his own reading. One feels that Leonardo da Vinci is a type of the whole school—illustrated by his notebooks written for himself from right to left. The same holds for this our most exacting of poets, difficult from carelessness and unacquired art. A crisp morning, untired mind, and perfect leisure in fact and feeling, these are the requisites for enjoying and understanding these lyrics. One must love them with full energy of being, for it is the reader who must do half the work in lifting the thoughts into the light. Donne had neither the time nor the inclination to make clear, he merely noted down with greatest conciseness what was surging within him for utterance. If this attitude of mind and its consequent lack of perfect workmanship keep him forever from the higher company of poets and from the greater public which he never sought, they add a charm to those who love stern exercise with its intellectual and emotional glow. His poems may be oftentimes—too often are, let us grant—strange and forbidden puzzles, taxing strength and patience; but they are, past peradventure, for those who know, puzzles with endlessly rich and rewarding answers.

III.

Underneath the form and color of poetry lies the reality of thought and passion which gives substantial value to the verse—the great depths of living waters of which the swinging toss of waves is but the superficial play. And underneath these songs of Donne, dazzling, playful, cruel as the sea waves themselves, lie also depths of emotional life which sustain the lyrical expression as the chance winds of occasion and impulse stir. The *Songs and Sonnets* are one and all the love poems of a man profound beyond sounding, Protean in change.

"The recreations of his youth were poetry," says Walton in his beautiful life of Donne, "and . . . those pieces . . . were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered (most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age)." Again he

writes, "About the seventeenth year of his age, he was removed to London, and there admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with an intent to study law"; and adds, a little later, "His father died before his admission into the society, and being a merchant left him his portion in money. (It was £3,000)." Then once more, "Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many chargeable travels, books, and dear bought experiences." These phrases are not too precise, but are none the less burdened with significance for the understanding of the poems. The two facts, however, which stand out dominantly are that the pieces are for the most part the product of his early youth, and that his character was built of "dear bought experience"—facts which work together in unity to explain much, and to palliate.

A young man of seventeen, fresh from the monastic restraints of Oxford, his own master, with a sudden and not inconsiderable patrimony in his pocket, John Donne came to London ready to pay high for experience. He entered upon his new life with a reputation following from the university of extraordinary learning and capacity—perhaps with the very judgment so quaintly handed down to us "that his age had brought forth another *Picus Mirandula*, of whom story says, that he was rather born than made wise by study." What was more, however, for the gay circle in which he moved, he was not only reputed but proven to have extraordinary wit—capable as his work and his later life show of sallies as original, as spontaneous, as germane to the taste of Elizabethan youth as if Donne had really been, as he was in figurative sense, the embodiment of the spirit of the age. The strange, the startling, the unexpected—such sallies of word and act were native to him, albeit the company he kept in life and books must have sharpened and confirmed what was his by birthright.

But not alone in wit and brilliancy was he unlike other men; not least was he unusual in breadth of sensibility. He was extraordinarily awake to impressions. Through a delicate and nervous body he was capable of the intensest pleasures of sense; through a vigorous and curious mind he was open to the keenest intellectual and spiritual joys; through both he was constantly guided or driven by overpowering impulse. He was high-strung

in his desires and his enjoyments, whole-souled in his surrender to the moment, whether it brought gaiety or desperation, cynicism or unquestioning devotion. Inapt in his longing for pleasure to restrain impelling passion or whim, he ran the full circle of life in that London of the alert nineties; and if he leaned long hours over the tomes with which he became so intimate, it was among men and women that he was most alive, a gallant in striking doublet and bright hose, we can imagine, extravagant of health and fortune, a man of the world in the heyday of youth with all its ups and downs, its longings and its disappointments.

In such a youth, richly endowed in body and in mind, each capable of much, and each attracted in different ways towards pleasures compelling as the songs of sirens, there was, as might be expected, hot division. From the mere strength of forces, without common aim for self-forgetful consecration, there was bound to be a house divided against itself. As yet the great objects of his life, love and religion, had not taken command. The realities were merely interesting as problems to be played with by his intellectual curiosity, acutely, intensely; but not to be lived and felt. The world was to be tried and enjoyed, not grappled with and won. And yet to the immature student, those early days were not merely "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," but pregnant with later dignity of character and splendid strength. Indeed this time of flux and change, pictured so vividly in the *Songs and Sonnets*, was a great battle-ground, or rather a scene of war, across which, with wavering fortunes, the body and the soul, not less really than in some mediæval allegory, waged a prolonged strife. Now one side gained advantage, now the other, and again the struggle hung undecided, so evenly balanced were the powers; and only after the hurly-burly of adolescence and young manhood was past was the victory of his nobler nature finally and entirely won by aid of the devoted love which his future wife, Anne Moore, called up in him. And, to carry a suggestive figure still further, the poems which were the outcome of this struggle were the trophies set up by the contending hosts to mark their victories—the sensual and cynical lyrics the trophies of the body, those full of mystic

fervor and sweet tenderness the trophies of the spirit. So was commemorated in fine poetic way this contest of vast moment for the life and character of Donne.

Unfortunately the songs are so disordered that we can never hope to trace the progress of the struggle, to know the right succession of elevation and abasement. As we have the pieces they are thrown together as carelessly as the toys of a child picked up at the end of a long tired day. There is no sequence that we have a right to subscribe to; we can only accept the collection as it stands as perhaps no untrue if vague symbol of the confusion in the mind and heart of Donne. For the poems are mostly due to the shifts and vagaries of mood of a young and ardent nature, untouched by the love that fires and holds unshakably, yet momentarily seized upon by deep if transient passions. In their waywardness they are the eddies of a stream fiercely or idly playing among rocks, before it gathers itself in unity of purpose for a steep plunge in powerfully sweeping rapids.

As youthful poems the *Songs and Sonnets* take on a certain regularity. Even the "unpleasant" poems themselves, as the work of adolescence and young manhood, become records instead of mere blots, as they have long been considered, upon a fascinating group. They become actually significant when we recognize, though unwillingly,—since they must still shock our finer sensibilities,—the fact that they are the genuine expression of a universal mood. Unfettered license and endless change in love, the demand of the more physical poems, is the voice of the natural man unbound from convention, always heard more or less loud in adolescence, however civilization may bind tighter the elemental instincts and purer spoken ages may deny it utterance. And Donne with his strong animal impulses, living in that free time of renaissance exuberance when every form of human experience and enjoyment was sought with unashamed and unrestrained vigor, gave himself up to his baser nature with the unmoral sense that such was life.

"Woman is made for man,—not him nor me," is the doctrine of his unfettered license, phrased conversely in "Love's Usury,"—

"For every hour that thou wilt spare me now,
I will allow,
Usurious god of love, twenty to thee,
When with my brown my gray hairs equal be,
Till then, Love, let my body range, and let
Me travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget,
Resume my last year's relict; think that yet
We'd never met."

It is the complete eager surrender to the passion of the moment, exaggerated in its contrast with to-morrow's deceptive voluntary self-renunciation. And these poems are the trophies which commemorate the surrender of the soul to the body, the victory of the untamed animal in man.

If in the *Songs and Sonnets* Donne never but once or twice strikes the note of entire sensuality, he is saved, one may think, by the fact that in his basest moods he finds easier expression in the *Elegies*—pieces heavier, longer, more frankly indecent—imitative, one may hope, as if that might palliate, Ovidian *Amores*. In the songs there is a certain lightness of mood, a fitting gaiety of mind which saves him from brutal surrender to sense. The satisfaction of desire here is not an end, but an amusement by the way, an attitude hardly less ugly, except that it holds within itself the possibility of being outgrown, that it is the attitude of a man of potential loftiness astray. It is indeed a sort of light cynicism imposed by the very conditions of thoughtlessness and gay submission to the drifting desires of the flesh,—a submission certain to carry with it in a man who is above the brute, certain conscious or unconscious corollaries. Donne was merely young and passionate, not really heartless, and needed to postulate, at least to feel, that if he longed to "travel, sojourn, snatch, plot, have, forget," his mistresses were not less fickle and shifting in desires. Even he in headlong licentiousness would have found a better taste in such pleasures if he felt that woman's constancy were a reality. We may at least trace this attitude in the gay lyric, cynical at bottom:—

"I can love both fair and brown,
Her whom abundance melts and her whom want betrays,
Her who loves loneliness best, and her who masks and plays,
Her whom the country formed and whom the town, . . .
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, so she be not true."

This assumption of the essential inconstancy of woman finds emphasis in songs as light-hearted and tripping as the well-known, "Go and catch a falling star," and in pieces part tender, part quizzical, such as "Woman's Constancy":—

"Now thou hast loved me one whole day.
To-morrow when thou leavest, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then ante-date some new-made vow?
Or your own end to justify,
For having purposed change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true?"

Such is the gay and easy recklessness which plays upon the surface of the undiscovered depths—undiscovered not least to himself—of his great nature. It is a tone that pervades a dozen of the pieces, fascinating in brilliant expression, in unexpected play of wit and imaginative fancy, running through many shades and half-shades of emotional doubt and cynicism. In all these is the proud swinging step of the young gallant, conscious of unknown powers, half-insolent in self-centred independence, given up in gay hours—whatever may have been his labor in his study—to the free enjoyment of the untrammelled life of an untrammelled time. Not flippancy nor shallowness was in these moods, but rather in the very lightness a paradoxical proof of depth. A shallow nature would have responded more readily to influences, as the shallow pool among rocks is warmed by the noon-day sun, when the deeper lies cool and unresponsive.

But it is impossible to suppose that all the poems reflecting this gaiety, stand together and apart, a group of unified experience and feeling. In the midst of them sprang intense if fleeting passions, which cried out with joy or pain in convincing phrase and rhythm. The deeper nature finds at least momentary victory to reassure that the power of feeling lies beneath, if in large measure dormant and ineffective.

Momentary the passions might be, but not for that less deep or true, nor less adequate in expression. For Donne through the power of these emotions, complete in that they struck into the very centre of human nature, though not lasting, was made clairvoyant and wise, singing as the poet does from intensive rather than extensive feeling. Here in these better moments

was no doubting of the reality of love, of the constancy of woman; nor was there possible in one of Donne's essential loftiness of nature, sensuality. We catch in the finer verses the harmonies that live and make live.

"If yet I have not all thy love,
Dear, I shall never have it all;
I cannot breathe one other sigh, to move,
Nor can intreat one other tear to fall;
And all my treasure which should purchase thee,
Sighs, tears, and oaths, and letters I have spent;
Yet no more can be due to me,
Than at the bargain made was meant.
If then thy gift of love were partial,
That some to me, some should to others fall,
Dear, I shall never have thee all."

Here is unrivalled tenderness of sincere devotion, and whether the love that conceived was permanent or not, it produced imperishable beauty for all noble lovers. Here is a trophy, indeed, of a victory of soul.

This group of poems of the clearer moods is notable not less than those of the darker, for subtle variations in attitude and perception. Not only does Donne record faithfully the shifts of love, but also points of nicer observation, arguing delicacy of feeling and, what is perhaps rarer in a passion so absorbing, keenness of analysis. The words are weighted with original interpretation and insight, not only expressing but illuminating the universal passion. Thus he notes with charming precision in his "Lecture upon the Shadow"—

"That love has not attained the highest degree,
Which is still diligent lest others see";—

while on the other hand he discriminates—

"If our loves faint and westwardly decline
To me thou, falsely thine,
And I to thee mine actions shall disguise."

Again, he catches the lover's truth that love which was infinite before yet increases; and that love, however constant and devoted, varies with time and seasons. Only close reading and an understanding heart can appreciate this rare subtlety of touch—a touch which is, one must feel, instinctive rather than consciously analytic; for conscious analysis must chill deft fingers

in such exquisite tasks. Nor is it possible to conceive of the young Donne sitting coldly introspective; one must think of him as seizing instinctively his facts with the clear sight of genius, proof again of the spontaneity of the poet who declares of himself, "Whatever love would dictate, I writ that." If he wrote variously and subtly, he felt even more variously and subtly, was more awake than others to life in all its fullness.

Perhaps, however, the most striking quality in this group of poems—most striking in its penetration and its loftiness of vision—is pervasive mysticism. Love is a strange paradox; it is the union of souls, a combination whence "an abler soul . . . does flow." And the mind of Donne plays endlessly about this conception, turning it and finding in it always new lights, new thoughts. It seems as if Donne were first perceiving here in this conception of love his religious emotions, and were, so to speak, making preliminary trial of his devotional wings. This emphasis of mystery, in fact, gives a certain religious solemnity to the moods, and makes the love of these pieces in their fine reach the eloquent speech of all lovers worthy of the name.

"Call's what you will, we are made such by love;
 Call her one, me another fly,
 We're tapers too, and at our own cost die,
 And we in us find th' eagle and the dove.
 The phoenix riddle hath more wit
 By us; we two being one, are it;
 So to one neutral thing both sexes fit.
 We die and rise the same, and prove
 Mysterious by this love."

This mystic paradox appears and reappears in phrase and figure, scattered up and down the collection, in lines which one keeps by one to ponder, they strike so deep and far; as if too in such phrases one had the spirit of the nobler poems in portable form.

"And we were mutual elements to us,
 And made of one another."

So, again,—

"Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
 Though I must go, endure not yet
 A breach, but an expansion,
 Like gold to airy thinness beat."

Then in fine shifts we have the variation of love negating space—love which “makes one little space an everywhere”; and transcending time,—

“Only our love hath no decay,
This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday.”

So through and under all this group runs the mystic attitude of spiritual devotion and union.

Love thus potent transubstantiates in its religious fervor flesh to very spirit. The highest qualities, the passion itself, become symbolized in flesh, as if the world of the lover were but the concrete poetic phrasing, so to say, of glorious ideas and ideals. The beloved is but the beautiful made perfect in special manifestation.

“Twice or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name,”—

he sings in that rarely diaphanous and delicate poem “Air and Angels,”—a thought elaborated in succeeding lines of difficult subtlety. In even finer phrasing he writes in “The Good Morrow,” lines already quoted,—

“If ever any beauty I did see,
Which I desired and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.”

Even from the lower standpoint of body, of the physical in love, we find the same spiritualizing imagination. In that strange poem, “The Ecstasy,” glowing incandescent with the heat of mystic love passion, we find its typical expression. After long ecstasy of the two souls in union, the poet and lover cries—

“We owe them [our bodies] thanks, because they thus
Did us, to us, at first convey,
Yielded their senses' force to us,
Nor are dross to us, but allay. . . .

“So must pure lovers' souls descend
To affections and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies.”

This attitude, not the transcendental dream of the poets who forget the body or despise, is one of splendid balance, in which we have the sensuous always present but beautified. It is the

love of a complete man, not of an angel. And there in this brave facing of the realities of human love, and finding beauty in the realities, we have to be thankful, not indeed for the ugly sensual poems which hurt his literary name, but for the nature in him which, though too often escaping the guidance of his better self, was present to make his love poems manly and lofty too. The very feeling that here is one who through bitter experience knows the lowest and the highest, and that, so knowing, he cleaves unqualifiedly to the highest in the end — this feeling gives to the poems authority and to the poet a right to lead and to assure. The noble victory of the spirit is the result of hard conflict, and so the more worth winning.

And yet, we must remind ourselves, we cannot assume the easy grouping of the low together and of the high together. From the peaks we fall to ravine and valley; in the long run, however, approaching the summit towards which his nature was impelling him, even in the descents. The passions of the man, flashing now and then white light from pure intensity, burned red and dim. The purer moments revealed him to himself, and so to us; but whether it was his fault in being strangely fickle, or his misfortune to be tricked by unfaithful mistresses, bitter cynicism presses between and follows some at least of the truer pieces. One can measure by the very intensity of bitterness of these poems the height from which he had fallen. So can one certainly trace in the vigorous and terrible poem, "The Apparition," not only power, the result of sad awakening, but a maturity of mind, the outgrowth of trial and failure. It is a poem unpleasant in its nature, in its very might; but is no longer the expression of immature youth, superabounding in gay wit and light love; it betrays the man suffering and aware. The emotions are deepening and lifting.

Among these pieces of Donne's early years there are a few of later date, emanating from the period when the love that knew no change or lessening had gained the final victory. Of these we are reasonably certain of two — two of the finest in the collection — "The Valediction Forbidding Mourning," and the song, "Sweetest love, I do not go" — both probably from 1611, Donne's thirty-eighth year. In these, restless passion has visibly given

way to repose, to a mature, a rich, a lasting devotion, not less fervent than his wildest outbursts of earlier days, if, perhaps, less spontaneously expressive. The mood is not so tyrannous in impelling song, but the poems are "full of ripeness to the core." They possess the very essence of his qualities toned, as it were, by age, as one feels the calm maturity of Shakespeare in his later plays. Tenderness, devotion, the best in the man are there, singing the song of married love with the same authority and sureness with which he had sung the younger lover's love.

"Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
At the last must part, 'tis best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feignèd deaths to die.

"Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way;
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Speedier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he. . . .

"Let not thy divining heart
Forethink me any ill;
Destiny may take thy part,
And may thy fears fulfil.
But think that we
Are but turned aside to sleep.
They who one another keep
Alive, ne'er parted be."

These two poems are the culmination of all the *Songs*, not trophies of conflict, but rather memorials of the war past and over, as if to declare the victory won for always. They are, we may consider them, the final word of Donne upon the great reality of love, the conclusions of a man wise through bitter and dear-bought experience, the final word of singular sweetness of one who had found in the love of man for woman, next to his religion, the most sustaining thing in the whole world.

The *Songs and Sonnets* are, then, the records of the struggles

and visions of youth, imperfect because of the very unconsciousness of the age in which brooding introspection was unknown. Pervaded by the spirit of spontaneity, these lyrics possess amidst consequent irregularity of verse, a sincere and intimate quality. They lie, indeed, too close to intense emotions for perfect expression, but in that gain splendor of momentary effects. As a spontaneous poet Donne is in part explicable; as a young poet he becomes still more so. Controlled by fierce adolescent passions of body and soul, he wrote songs variously compounded—sensual, they are saved by a touch of higher feeling; mystic, they are kept human by the man in him. The final result is noble elevation of a spiritual devotion phrased in glorious flashes of deepest enduring significance. The lyrics are, indeed, irregular, but not chaotic. They have order, in that they all tend towards the heights,—are, as it were, a sort of rugged alpine country, difficult and broken, but affording from ascending crag and peak glimpses that reward for all toil of climbing, and impress the lover with the beauty of the world he lives in.

HORACE AINSWORTH EATON.

Syracuse University, New York.

DIDEROT TO-DAY

The visitor to the Louvre always remembers the French gallery of the eighteenth century. It is not easy to forget this collection, with its subdued yet splendid color, balance, and harmony of line. Taste—that is the only word which characterizes it;—a taste so pervasive that to-day it seems rather artificial. Yet the collection has quality, and it has charm; an afterglow of the late renaissance bathes these allegories, these genre-pieces and portraits, and the most casual observer feels the suavity of this eighteenth-century art.

All these relics of that age are so congruous! Everything combines to produce an impression of harmony. Match the dissonant variety of a modern gallery against this singleness of effect. Here was an age, evidently, that still possessed organized ideals, that still had solidarity. This was a society untroubled by the throes of modern individualism; and we are not surprised to find that, to these people, our beloved word 'original' meant 'eccentric.' Here was an age ruled by the graces, by the social instinct, by the desire to be like one's neighbor. To be like one's neighbor— isn't the ideal manifest in the very portraits about us? Why, they might be all of one family, with their smooth, unruffled faces and their smiling eyes, kinfolk in their affable poise. Spiritually, they are all of one family, and looking them over one by one, you are surprised to discover, on the south wall, a face which startles by its individuality.

It is a painting by Vanloo. A portrait of a writer, with disordered hair and careless dress—a *portrait intime*, guiltless of wig and powder. A strong, roughly-cut face, devoid of caste, sensuous but intellectual too, and full of enthusiasm and force. The man looks straight at you, with uplifted head and pen poised, his eyes aflame with inspiration. Is he a poet, or a prophet overcome by a sudden glimpse of the future? Or is he merely a brilliant talker, an improviser, turning from his work to a chance visitor, no more able to resist the temptation to talk than a drunkard the temptation to drink?

Who is this man? He is a personality in an age of powder: he is Denis Diderot.

Against the delicate artificial background of the eighteenth century, Diderot stands out in all the vulgar force of democracy. Born in the working classes, without a patron until Catherine of Russia befriends him in his old age, supporting himself and his family by his writings, he typifies the incursion of the Third Estate into literature. Nay more, Diderot is not merely a journeyman of the pen, he is a literary Bohemian; a skeptic, he will manufacture sermons until he finds scope for real self-expression. To be sure he was educated by the Jesuits: "in the Temple were forged the hammers which were to destroy the Temple." But neither his education nor his choice of the profession of letters will ever make him an aristocrat like Voltaire. To the end Diderot will remain a plebeian, vulgarly eager and enthusiastic, omnivorous in all his appetites, glutting himself with books and talk as he did with food and drink. Ignorant of measure or poise, devoid of taste or distinction, he is like a force of nature. He is one of those forces which are to destroy the Age of Taste in 1793.

Comte called Diderot "the greatest genius of the eighteenth century." Rousseau could only compare him to Plato and Aristotle. To many-sidedness, to an encyclopædic range of interest, Diderot added the first idea of modern scientific method: he foreshadowed the revolution of the sciences against the humanities. He had singular insight; more original than Voltaire, he is more radical than the arch-radical Rousseau. It is probable, moreover, that he inspired Rousseau's naturalism, gave him the idea which Jean Jacques seized upon at Vincennes and made the basis of his philosophy,—the notion that nature does all things well. For he furnished his contemporaries with ideas, from Grimm to Galiani; and it was he, not the timid Jean Jacques, who gave the fullest exposition of the doctrine of naturalism by carrying the theory into morality. Most daring of the eighteenth-century thinkers, spending his life in the service of his curiosity, studying all things, interrelating all things, Diderot becomes a seer by his universality no less than by his intuitive vision: he has been claimed as a precursor of positivism,

of the theory of evolution, of romantic subjectivity, of the critical 'appreciation,' of realism and naturalism in the novel, of Parnassian poetics, of modern art criticism, of the *tendenz-roman* and of contemporary social drama. Born two centuries ago, he overwhelms one by his modernity.

And yet he left behind no great book. Attempting every literary genre, even creating new genres, he left no masterpiece, unless it be *Le Neveu de Rameau*. If he gives us a splendid fragment, it is a product of irreflective inspiration—a pure chance. Art, arrangement and selection, is the last thing to ask of him; he seeks nothing but self-expression. Writing as the ideas come to him, never polishing or correcting, he was content to circulate his finest pages in manuscript, satisfied if they pleased his correspondents or his friends. He laughed at the idea of collecting his writings—that mass of material which posterity has gathered into twenty great octavos. Caring nothing for his works and everything for his work, he is, even more than Voltaire, the perfect type of the journalist in literature. But he is a journalist of genius.

It was as a journalist, a leader of thought, a popularizer, that he sank the best of his labors in the *Encyclopædia*. That is his monument, a huge quasi-anonymous memorial, although his contributions have since been sorted from the rest. A pure publisher's speculation at the outset, a scheme to translate into French the English work of Ephraim Chambers, the enterprise was transformed by Diderot into a veritable means of propaganda. Starting from the idea of Bayle's Dictionary, inspired perhaps by Bacon's *Instauratio*, he magnified the original conception, and the projected work became "a book containing all other books," a synopsis of the efforts of the human mind in its long historical struggle for truth against tradition. He made it, with this, a dictionary of mechanical arts and trades, a sort of prospectus of modern industrialism, and in the absence of trained specialists, spent days in the factories and workshops, learning the processes in order to describe them. He directed the preparation of the plates—some 3,000 in all—which display the trades and manufactures of the time as fully as the Mechanical Hall of any World's Exposition. He wrote the articles on

philosophy, sifting into them, so far as the exigencies of the censure would permit, all the radicalism of which he was the exponent, and so realized the great dream of Bacon, to prepare and hasten the future by an inventory of the past.

Of course, he had his collaborators, had his co-editor Dalemberbert. But it was Diderot, rather than Dalemberbert, who created the book, rallying the contributors, sticking to his purpose when, seven volumes only completed, a royal interdiction caused the desertion of his fellow-editor, — Diderot who, through the twenty long years which the work required, "bore upon his shoulders the whole world of the Encyclopædia." In constant danger of police raids, menaced by confiscation and the Bastille, he prepared alone the last ten volumes, remaining in Paris to do so, undismayed by censure as he had been undaunted by imprisonment. In this act of courage Diderot certainly shows all the moral enthusiasm of a reformer. He is a reformer, a *chef de secte*: in the Encyclopædia he founded a lay church for the development of human reason and the perfecting of a new humanity. For this is what the eighteenth century left us, a new ideal for man, man freed from the shackles of tradition and restored to his "natural" rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

All this, of course, sounds very hackneyed to-day. Yet our forefathers cherished this ideal: Americans, we too owe something to these men and their long-forgotten work. Timid, full of commonplace as it seems to us now, the Encyclopædia is historically one of our great books. It was obliged to proceed by indirection, balancing affirmation by negation, forcing one to read between the lines; but in the long siege against embattled authority and dogma it was the wooden horse of the Greeks. It created history. Making ideas portable, giving the public a primary education in political, social, and economic theory, it prepared the Revolution and the modern world. Asserting the claims of the common people to consideration in the State, it was a pioneer of democracy. A dictionary of the Arts and Trades, it helped to lift manual labor to the category of worthy human achievement. It presaged a new era, and it justly gave its name to its

authors, the name of a new sect, fighting for freedom of thought in a despotic age.

Nor was this to be all the service of the Encyclopædia. Aided and reinforced by Diderot's other works, it helped to prepare the literature of democracy. The new popular ideal was already germinating; the day of classicism was over. Objective, intellectualized, created first for a court and always for a public essentially aristocratic, the classical ideal of beauty was destined to be obscured by the demands for a literature more personal and more appealing. After Lesage's comedy-novel, Richardson and Prévost will demonstrate the power of pathos; beside the agile logic of Voltaire, Rousseau will bring out the resources of expression which lie in the sensuous element of style. Literature becomes more human; it stoops to conquer; old forms are expanded, new moulds created, and in this adaptation of an outworn art to a larger audience, no one is more important than Denis Diderot.

Take for instance the question of the drama. He breaks with the old aristocratic conception of the theatre: no more classes, no seclusion of the noble rôles in the tragedy—the misfortunes of life do not happen to kings alone. Diderot would put upon the stage not character-types, but conditions of human life; he would create the drama of the people, the tragedy of the middle classes and the serious comedy. Furthermore, he will use the theatre to launch new ideas, to point a moral. "I have always thought," he writes, "that some day they would discuss points of morality on the stage." He put his theory into practice, in *Le père de famille* and *Le fils naturel*, and from Beaumarchais to Dumas fils and Brieux, from Lessing to Ibsen, we have done little else but follow his example.

Yet judged from present-day standards, Diderot's two dramas are failures. Nothing could be more unreal than their pompous declamatory sentimentality, nothing more evident than their deficiency in objective vision. Diderot lacked the very elements of the *sens du théâtre*. He had no deep psychological insight, no taste; and even his dropping of verse for prose, intended as a return to nature, only shows us that certain prose can be more turgid and artificial than the Alexandrine. None the less his

two plays, staged in familiar scenery and costumed like the spectators themselves, demonstrated the resources of the new conception of dramatic art. Tears flowed at every performance; women fainted; Beaumarchais, in the parterre, discovered his own vocation for the theatre, and Lessing, witnessing the plays in Germany, wrote his epoch-making *Hamburgische Dramaturgie*.

To move the spectator, to arouse moral enthusiasm, is the end aimed at by Diderot, in his dramas as elsewhere. And as an emotionalist, owing his force to his feelings, nothing is more curious than to find him advocating repression of emotion as the characteristic of the perfect actor. Yet this is what he does in *Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien*. Let us interpret the fact, not merely by a tendency to self-contradiction, visible as that is in all of Diderot's work, but as the universality of a mind capable of all points of view, capable ever of criticising itself. For if the penalty of the emotionalist is "to be at the mercy of his diaphragm," Diderot realized it. Forerunner of the romanticists, he voices the keenest criticism of romanticism, and after the suicide of the new school, nearly a century later, his theory of impassibility will find an echo in the naturalists and the Parnassian poets, reaching its supreme expression in the work of Flaubert and Leconte de Lisle.

Self-suppression of any sort, however, we shall hardly find in Denis Diderot. Plebeian, irrepressible, Bohemian, he will show us every side of his garrulous self. Witness his novels, his best claim to fame after the Encyclopædia. *Les bijoux indiscrets* exhibits his taste for the smoking-room story; *Jacques le fataliste*, his determinism and his infinite love of digression. *La religieuse* gives us his ineradicable tendency to moralize; and his disregard of convention and essential Bohemianism are typified in *Le Neveu de Rameau*. Best of his novels, if not of all his works, second only to the *Satyricon* in its realism, this story certainly betrays Diderot's sympathy for the unscrupulous Rameau, just as his other novels show his sympathy for the garrulous Jacques and the lachrymose Suzanne. So in everything Diderot reveals himself. But he has learned caution by his early experience in the fortress of Vincennes, and prudent as Panurge, he will print but one of his stories, and that anonymously.

The others were discovered and published after the death of their author. The most original of his novels, they were all but lost to us. For Diderot's stories are original, in spite of all his imitations. He will match Crébillon without Crébillon's wit, Sterne without his lightness and grace, Richardson without his power of delineation, but he is a follower of no one in his genius for dialogue or in the paradoxical brilliance of his thought. For this indeed his novels will be only the vehicle, as in the case of Anatole France. He will never attain the light, whip-like touch of Voltaire, never write a *Candide*; but he will have his own mastery of satire, a satire like Juvenal's; and in *La religieuse*, his realism, pathos, and ethical force will make him not unworthy of his master Richardson. Celebrating the English novelist, moreover, in a characteristic burst of lyricism, and preferring Richardson's concrete reality to the cold aphorisms of Montaigne and the moralists, his comparison suggests the progress of fiction and its new rôle in literature. An inferior genre in the classical period, the novel of the eighteenth century inherits the realism of the comedy and the moralists, and now, by satisfying popular demands for the pathetic, it becomes a concrete means to a larger audience and a broader appeal.

So at least Diderot, moralist and educator, understood it. A larger audience—he had sought that, as preacher of science against dogma, in the *Encyclopædia*. A greater public and a broader appeal will be his aim in his drama and in his dramatic criticism. A larger public is what he seeks, as satirist and moralist, in his fiction. A larger appreciation for painting and sculpture will be the intention and effect of his art criticism, the "Salons." A popularizer, he stands opposed to the old aristocratic notion,—the idea that literature and art are for the few.

The "Salons" were accounts of exhibitions, contributed to Grimm's *Correspondance littéraire*. A literary news-letter, this bulletin carried them to all the principal courts of Germany; and just before the end of the century, Naigeon's edition of Diderot made them known to the general public in France. They popularized art: "Before Diderot," said Mme. Necker, "I

had never seen anything in pictures but flat and lifeless colors; it is a new sense that I owe to him." And in fact, a new sense of art as an expression of the human drama came into France through this art criticism. For Diderot believes in the English idea of the picture: he approaches painting and sculpture, like the drama, from the standpoint of expression. As a sentimental moralist, he naturally prefers Greuze, because Greuze delights in pathos and the representation of our common humanity—effects which our critic himself had tried upon the stage. It is literary art criticism that Diderot gives us, but it is undeniable that he imparts the sensation of the masterpiece as well; he relates and explains the subject, attaching himself to its dramatic and moral qualities. And in so doing he practically creates a new literary form.

"A lover of large horizons"—was it Goethe who first called him that? At any rate, Diderot deserves the characterization. "All that surrounds us is a subject for observation," he remarks, "the most familiar objects may become wonderful to us. All depends upon the point of view." The point of view, of course, is only another name for imaginative vision. And Diderot, ever seeking new vistas in drama, literature, and art, finding them, and then relating them to life, did not fail to turn his imaginative observation upon the facts of life itself, to give us glimpses of scientific intuition which justify the nickname given him by his friends, "The Philosopher."

Of course his 'philosophy' is purely realistic. Red-blooded and vital, sensuous and practical, he naturally rejects the abstractions of metaphysics for scientific speculation. Like Comte, he finds the 'how' more interesting than the 'why.' Hence his attitude toward a First Cause which, as a follower of Heraclitus and an antetype of the humanism of our day, he soon abandons as unnecessary. "It is no more difficult to think of the world as eternal than it is to conceive the soul as immortal." His views on this point, however, frequently shifted. "An atheist in town, but not in the country," he really inclines toward pantheism by his feeling for nature.

Let us see now what was his conception of nature. Read the *Entretien entre Dalember et Diderot*, with its sequel *Le Rêve*.

Starting from Leibnitz and his theory of the monad, Diderot goes on to give us the whole programme of transformism,—mineral changing to humus, humus to plant, and plant to man. "The same limestone may become an integral part of the being who possesses the power of feeling, the power of thought." After this conversation, Diderot tells his friend that he will dream of it, and Diderot does dream, talking in his sleep while his friends listen and comment, and with them building a vision of the world.

It is a world of matter—matter one, but heterogeneous. Even force is not distinct from matter: "The molecule is in itself an active force." Absolute rest, observes this Heraclitean, is an abstract conception which does not exist in nature. Matter contains everything, even the potentiality of feeling; an animal, a plant, is nothing but "an aggregation of molecules united by a bond of continuity." "A swarm of bees, joined by uniting or suppressing their legs"—that is Diderot's idea of the animal organism; and we may compare with it the modern idea of the body as a colony of cells. But Diderot in his search for unity would carry the thought still further; he sees "an indefinite succession of little animals in the moving atom, and the same indefinite series in that other atom which we call the earth." All is one; "every animal is more or less man, every mineral is more or less plant, every plant more or less animal." And death? "The only difference between death and life," Diderot writes to Mlle. Volland, "is that now you live *en masse*; dissolved, scattered into molecules, in twenty years you will live *en détail*." One thinks of the experiments of Dr. Carrel.

But Diderot has not written for the Encyclopædia in vain. Knowing the philosophers from Thales to Locke, his genius catches the opportunities to co-ordinate, to advance upon their work to new ground. Life, to Diderot as to Locke, is "only a series of actions and reactions." But "organs produce needs, and needs, organs," he goes on, and then: "All the faulty combinations of matter have disappeared, and we have left only those whose mechanism contained no serious misadaptation, which were able to subsist and to perpetuate themselves by their own force." Thus Diderot anticipates Darwin, and we are prepared to read

his Nietzschean maxim,—“the world is the dwelling-place of the strong.”

What becomes of morality in this mechanistic scheme? “A mere instrument endowed with feeling and memory,” can man exercise free-will? Evidently not. Will, to Diderot, is the acquiescence of attraction perceived in consciousness; “a man moves on as inevitably to glory or ignominy as a ball which might be conscious of itself follows the slope of a mountain.” Every one of our actions has its cause; we cannot know the whole causative series, but we “do only what it is necessary to do.” “There are only physical causes, only one sort of necessity; the physical and the moral worlds are one.” Moreover, what would be the use of free-will? “The enjoyment of a liberty which could be exercised without motive would be the veritable characteristic of a maniac.”

How then shall we define virtue? “Virtue is well-doing”; one is virtuous if he is “fortunately born,” and “the criminal is a monster.” Virtue is a matter of latitude, as Diderot shows in the *Supplément au voyage de Bougainville*. “We have only to yield to nature’s laws,” and as we are a part of a mechanistic universe,” self-esteem, shame, and remorse are puerilities founded on ignorance and vanity.” So, like Anatole France, to whom he has given many a brilliant paradox, Diderot draws from fatalism an infinite indulgence; “not to reproach others for anything, not to repent of anything, these are the first steps toward wisdom.”

How little this squares with Diderot’s moral enthusiasm! A fatalist in theory, he abandons determinism in his practice. He is always the moralist, he cannot help moralizing, any more than Rousseau; he moralizes, not because Richardson taught him, but because he is urged to it by the violence of his temperament. Only in the moralist’s attitude toward life could Diderot, like Jean Jacques, find full sweep for his emotionality. The great contradiction of human nature, the conflict between the head and the heart, finds in his utter sincerity its full expression; and the fact that his heart rules his head stamps him as a precursor of romanticism.

He is a romanticist, in that we can best interpret his works

through his personality. He is a romanticist in the fact that his personality is more interesting than his works. He wins our sympathy by his tremendous human qualities, by his virility and his force, by his very excess. Garat has told us how Diderot took him, a stranger eager to make his acquaintance, into the bosom of his voluble confidence, putting his arm around him, overwhelming him in the torrent of a lyrical monologue which led through a dozen digressions. Catherine of Russia has confessed that she placed a table between the grateful philosopher and her knees, to save them from the fury of his gestures. Extreme in everything, "able to take nothing moderately, either pain or pleasure," delighting in his sensibility, shedding tears on every occasion, carried away by Richardson till he cries "Don't believe him"—like the boy in the melodrama—he has all the defects of our poor humanity. Yet compare him with Voltaire. No balance-wheel of humor controls this Diderot, whose heart, at the autopsy, was found to be two-thirds as large again as those of ordinary men; he gives way instinctively to his temperament, and only once do we note the cry: "I dare not follow myself further, for fear of being absolutely unintelligible." Incessantly enthusiastic, quarrelling with his closest friends when he cannot kindle them to his way of thinking, lacking in the objectivity which alone gives distinction, Diderot is forced to see himself in everything, to talk of himself on all occasions. He is the bond-slave of his egotism, controlled by it as well as by his genius.

Yet he always believed implicitly in himself. He believes in his heart, believes in his passion. "It is only passions and strong passions," he declares, "which can raise the soul to great things. To propose to oneself the ruin of the passions, is the very climax of madness." "If atrocious deeds that dishonor our nature are due to them, it is by them also that we are borne to the marvellous endeavor which elevates it." Hence his opposition to Christianity, with its subjection of the passions, and hence, too, his naturalistic philosophy and ethics. A maker of new values, Diderot is the Nietzsche of the eighteenth century, and like Nietzsche, he knows that "to create new worlds one must have within him a dancing star."

It is this perpetual incandescence which gives to his style its fire, its eloquence, and even its occasional turgidity. According to Diderot, "the animal cry of passion should dictate the fitting phrase." It is this which makes him vulgar and even obscene, because the coarser word is "always the most expressive." From this too springs his love of the dialogue form, as the proper expression of his passionately controversial spirit, which saw all sides of an object, phases subdued to consistency in a purely intellectual or academic type. It is this which makes him inconsistent, because to him reason itself is less admirable if not conducted by passion. "Without the passions no more sublimity, either in morals or in works of art," and one thinks of Diderot's long *liaison* with Mlle. Volland, commemorated by the correspondence which some consider his masterpiece.

Nothing could be more natural than these letters, which present so complete a portrait of their writer. And after all it is not Diderot's philosophy, not his fiction or his art-criticism, it is the man Diderot who most interests us. The man holds us, as in the portrait of the Louvre, by his originality. He holds us through a personality absolutely laid bare, with all its contradictions, a heart burning with more than human enthusiasm, vital and vitalizing, as if it had caught its heat from Heraclitus' primal fire. Faults and virtues, all of Diderot is revealed in these letters, and we think of him as did his friend Meister, comparing him to Nature as he himself conceived her, "rich, fertile, abounding in germs of every sort, but without any dominating principle, without a master and without a God."

Denis Diderot marks the supreme development of eighteenth-century individualism. Hating "that tiresome uniformity which our education, our social conventions, our proprieties have introduced," he looms like a Titan against the background of the times. Like his *Neveu de Rameau*, he is the incarnation of the spirit of iconoclasm. He is the *enfant terrible* of that talkative, sociable, café-loving age; he will test all the bases of tradition with the acid of his logic, until the whole fabric dissolves in the catastrophe of 1793. He is discussion incarnate, and returning from his writings to the picture in the Louvre, the portrait, with all its character, seems less vivid than the man seen through his

printed words. Yet Marmontel said that "he who knows Diderot in his writings only, does not know him at all." So musing, we recall Darwin, Nietzsche, all the successors of Diderot, who, thanks to a chance of publication denied to him, have left their names on history of the world's thought. And a sense of wasted force, of the futility of human effort, of the fatality implied in all Titanism, comes over us, beside that portrait in the Louvre, where Vanloo has caught Diderot, prince of improvisers and prodigal of letters, in the very gesture and attitude of inspired speech, lips parted, hand lifted, and eyes aflame.

LEWIS PIAGET SHANKS.

University of Pennsylvania.

WALT WHITMAN AND A MODERN PROBLEM

It has been now forty-seven years since Walt Whitman was dismissed from his clerkship in the Indian Office because of the content of some poems included in the 1860 edition of *Leaves of Grass*. Perhaps the loss of his position did not come to Whitman with a shock of surprise, for it is evident that he regarded himself as a teacher of advanced doctrines; and the fate of prophet and seer has almost ever been rejection or worse. But Whitman had already written his faith in the ultimate triumph of any message of truth, however much it might, with the kindling power of genius, be lighting the mountain-tops of thought while the mass of men remained in the darkness below. He has told us of America that—

“If its poets appear, it will in due time advance to meet them—
there is no fear of mistake.

(The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferr'd, till his country
absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it.)”

Within very recent times the thought of the world has undergone, or at least is clearly beginning to undergo, a revolution regarding problems connected with sex. Societies and journals for the study of eugenics have been founded and the “conspiracy of silence” is being broken. In other words, America and other countries where his doctrines have penetrated have “in due time advanced to meet” Whitman, their teacher. It will be interesting to note just how far Whitman has anticipated this new thought and is yet in advance of it, and just how far the growing tolerance which marks the discussion of phenomena connected with sex may be traceable to him.

When Whitman decides to throw light upon the subject of sex he is not dealing with an attitude of a generation only; nor has he the mere inertia of indifference to overcome. The secret of much of our attitude in such matters must be sought for in the Middle Ages, when, in order to keep their undivided allegiance, celibacy was forced, by the Church or by their order, upon the intellectual leaders, monk and friar, of the centuries when modern thought was shaping itself from the ruins of a

classic and pagan past. Then it was that the vileness of woman and the degrading effects of all relations with her were taught to mankind as a measure whereby the power of the Church might be exalted. The spell of Rome was over the race, and seldom is a voice lifted in protest. The irreverent might snigger in the shade, but a reasoned and scientific attitude he never had. The race must be continued. Therefore woman must be tolerated. If she were valuable as a beast of burden, that was an added asset. The silence is broken only once by a daring voice, a voice half of jest, as not realizing the weight with which its words are charged and all unconscious of the new world of thought thus dimly illuminated. It is the voice of Chaucer at the end of the fourteenth century. In the *Canterbury Tales* Chaucer represents the Host as turning to the Monk for a story. His eye is struck by the fullness of the physical life before him, and doubtless he reflects likewise upon the superior mental equipment of this monk. So he pronounces a half-humorous anathema upon the Church because it had kept from aiding in the production of a superior race one so well fitted in every respect to pass on the torch of life. Had he his way, every man, even though his crown were shaven, should have a wife, for, he continues, the laity are but "shrimpes," and from a feeble stock comes a feeble scion.

But in this, as in so many other things, Chaucer is outrunning his contemporaries (witness Richard Rolle, the saint of the century) by many generations. It remains for a poet in a land undreamed of by Chaucer to advocate in earnest and with some scientific insight what was to him but uncorrelated observation and a jest.

As a natural corollary to the mediæval view regarding questions of sex there came the attitude towards the human body. The body must be disregarded, nay mortified and attenuated, if the vows of the Church were to be kept in spirit as in deed. Hence the ideal of the holy man drinking water only and feeding upon pulse; hence the skeleton-like saints that fill such a large section of our galleries: the soul must be saved at any cost. True enough there is the Renaissance with its theory of beauty, the cult of the individual, and its frank

insistence upon the claims of the flesh, but there is also the counteracting influence of Puritanism; and the sum total of attitude remains unchanged or is but slowly changing as we approach the nineteenth century.

When, then, we find a collected edition of Whitman's poems beginning,—

"Of Physiology from top to toe I sing;
Not physiognomy alone, nor brain alone, is worthy for the muse.
I say the Form complete is worthier far;
The Female equally with the male I sing",—

we feel that a note which is practically new in its entirety has come into literature. And when we reflect upon the meaning of the last line we are impressed with the fact that a literary doctrine as revolutionary as the dethronement of the hero of noble blood has taken place. Another step of even greater import than this first has been taken towards the democratizing of human thought. Not a class, merely, has been admitted to suffrage, but one half of the race.

Whitman thus becomes the poet of the human form. He sings not only of the mere physical strength of the form, such as flashed in the sunlight of the palestra or drew the plaudits of the amphitheatre, but of the human form, male or female, in its dignity of sex.

If the dignity of the human body as a whole can be established, it must needs follow that it is in all its functions dignified. Whitman again and again addresses himself to the proof of the glory of our physical self. The body is, verily, not less than the soul itself, for—

"Behold! the body includes and is the meaning, the main concern —
and includes and is the Soul;
Whoever you are! how superb and how divine is your body, or
any part of it."

What a distance has Whitman's mind travelled from the monkish idea that the body was a contaminated dwelling in which the pure soul was temporarily imprisoned before its great translation. One of the very few great voices of the Middle Ages has said, "Praised be the Lord for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth." Far more of sunshine

there is in this hymn than can be found in almost any other religious literature of the period, with its sad refrain rather of—

"Timor Mortis conturbat me."

Yet even here the Lord is praised for unlocking the soul from its prison body.

But Dunbar and St. Francis died long ago; and perhaps before Whitman appears other men have exalted the body as a fit tenement of the soul. A test for this supposition is at hand. In 1844 Thomas Hood wrote, in a moment of genuine inspiration, *The Bridge of Sighs*. It is hardly worth while to remind anyone that the subject of this poem is a woman of the street who has committed suicide. What does Hood see here? He has a broader charity than the priest extended to poor Ophelia. Her sins are for her Saviour to judge, not for him. But dominant through it all surges his sense of the pity of her fate:—

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity,—
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none."

Beautiful she was, young and slender, with auburn tresses, but he does not dwell upon this cunning mechanism arrested forever. The worthy part of her is elsewhere, suing for the mercy which the world, in her mad life's history, never showed. It is the viewpoint of Hood's generation; and after all it is the viewpoint that some genius of unusually tender nature might have showed centuries before Hood. It is perhaps the voice of Chaucer as he likens the face of Constance to that of the prisoner led to his death.

Turn now to *The City Dead-House* of Whitman. The subject is the same—one more unfortunate. But how different is the attitude of the two men! What Whitman sees in the corpse before him is—

"The divine woman, her body—I see the Body—I look on it alone,
That house once full of passion and beauty—all else I notice not;
Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from faucet, nor odors morbidic
impress me;
But the house alone—that wondrous house—that delicate fair,

That immortal house, more than all the rows of buildings ever built!
 Or white-domed Capitol itself, with majestic figure surmounted—or all
 the old high-spired cathedrals;
 That little house alone, more than them all—poor, desperate house!
 Fair, fearful wreck! tenement of a Soul! itself a Soul!"

It is the House of Life not lesser nor greater than the soul, for one cannot exist without the other; and in the great scheme of the universe one is as immortal as the other. With Whitman it is the human body "itself a Soul," a worthy tenant of a worthy house, that is of importance. With Hood and his generation it is the mortal pity of it all—the homeless, friendless wanderer under the city's glare, descending ever nearer the slimy grasp of the clammy river ooze. With a broader charity Whitman passes over this aspect of the tragedy to lament the ruin of this cunning mechanism. The body is to him sacred, and though its elements are immortal, never again will the same finger answer brain or eye kindle with love. A long translation is before the body in its dim wanderings:—

"We are nature—long have we been absent, but now we return;
 We become plants, leaves, foliage, roots, bark";

and it is only after eons that we arrive home again:—

"A few quadrillions of eras, a few octillions of cubic leagues, do
 not hazard the span or make it impatient."

The moral and the religious sides of the matter receive but a glance from Whitman. His was a large tolerance and a patience that was remarkable among mankind. He represents himself as seeing the deeds of oppression done upon the earth and hearing the groans of the oppressed in silence. Perhaps it was given to him above other men to hear that these things were but apparent discords in that great final celestial harmony. At any rate it is enough at present if we realize clearly the place of dignity to which Whitman has elevated the human body in spite of the religious forces which had been acting through the centuries and are acting yet.

Having, then, acquitted the body, and established its place as a worthy one in the great scheme of the universe, and having shown that it is as immortal as the soul, Whitman, if we have so far accepted him, is in a position to take another step in advance.

There are few indeed among enlightened nations of to-day who do not believe in the dignity of the body and the desirability of cultivating in it the qualities of strength and beauty. Organizations on all sides of us bear witness to this. The athlete has become a type admired by all. The starved saint has disappeared.

But if the body as a whole has been given its due place, not all of its most vital functions have been recognized, save perhaps by a few. It is here that the teaching of Whitman is most advanced and most vital: he sets himself the problem of becoming the medium for the—

"Voice of sexes—by me clarified and transfigured."

There is nothing indecent, he tells us, connected with the origin of life. In that assertion he has advanced a long way from the church fathers of the Middle Ages. Such a thinker as Emerson protests with him, and he loses his position. His name becomes a term of reproach with many. Clearly he was in advance of his time. "But it [the world] does move," murmured another great thinker who had dared to be in advance of his time, and science has accepted his view. In like manner, science and humanity at large have accepted or are accepting Whitman's declaration that sex has a right to a place of dignity in the best and purest aspirations of the race.

Were sex an isolated phenomenon there would be no need that anyone should dwell upon it, but—

"Sex contains all,—

Bodies, Souls, meanings, proofs, purities, delicacies, results, promulgations,

All hopes, benefactions, bestowals,

All the passions, loves, beauties, delights of the earth,

All the governments, judges, gods, follow'd persons of the earth,—

These are contain'd in sex, as part of itself and justification of itself."

Elsewhere he has told us what everyone knows but what few realize—that the race is never separated and that the future will find its past in us. Its blessings or its curse will rest upon us according as we transmit the fullness of life—mental, moral, and physical—to it, or are untrue to our opportunities and transmit an existence impoverished of one or all of these. There is no

evasion. Every link that we add to the chain of life must strain or snap under the stress to which it is to be subjected.

One of the most illuminated pages in American life is that which shows us Walt Whitman nursing the wounded of both armies in the tragic hospitals of Washington during the Civil War. Testimony in superabundance bears witness to the rare charm of his soothing presence. He might easily have been thinking of himself when he says in *To a Pupil*:—

“Do you not see how it would serve to have such a Body and Soul, that when you enter the crowd, an atmosphere of desire and command enters with you, and every one is impressed with your personality?”

Doubtless this personal magnetism was in part due to an easy atmosphere of comradeship with which he was always invested. This in turn may be traced largely to the city environment of his youth and early manhood. But in part it must have been inherited. Time and again we find Whitman returning to his own parentage. He was, he insists,—

“Well-begotten, and rais’d by a perfect mother.”

Physically and mentally he was a good example of the doctrine which he taught—the necessity of being born well. This expression “being born well” has attached to itself a meaning which, it is worth while noting as we pass, Whitman is the last one to admit. He is the type, if ever there was one, of the democrat, and anyone who is brought into the world with capacities, mental and physical, for conquering his environment and enjoying life with a keen zest at the same time is with him well born. Like Thoreau, he has a lordly indifference to the adventitious fact of property. What the eye sees, that spiritually it possesses, both tell us. To inherit worldly riches and social position at birth was, with Whitman, not necessarily to be well born. In fact, such things were apt to be a handicap.

If Whitman was, as has been said above, of such splendid physical presence, it is but natural that he should insist upon the purely physical side of eugenics. The woman he loves must be “strong and arrogant” and “well muscled.” Her body must be perfect; for only from a perfect body can come the

physical perfection which Whitman demands for "these States." The habits of his daily life had, it seems, helped to accentuate the place which the purely physical holds in the doctrine of Whitman. The measurements taken of soldiers during the Civil War show what a superb physical manhood was to be found in the American of the mid-nineteenth century. Few men of the period knew this more fully than Whitman. His natural tastes and his various occupations combined with his travel to bring him into immediate contact with that class of our population which put most emphasis upon the physical side of its nature.

But it was the healthy contact of natural man. Whatever experiences Whitman may have had with men and women they were natural experiences, and if at any time they may have run counter to the attitude of man in his most strongly marked stages of moral conventionality, they were such as nature had sanctioned. What he has to tell us, then, ought to shock us no more than if nature had spoken to us frankly and directly. When he speaks about sex there is nothing in his words that conveys the subtly deteriorating influences of artificiality. It is this largeness and naturalness of attitude that saves Whitman from being immoral in his consideration of the physical aspect of sex. The danger of the innuendo, of the carefully prepared suggestion of situation, is absent from his pages. In many a novel of past and of present popularity both of these are used with telling effect. But society, as a whole, is deciding more and more against the salacious insinuation of the novel and for the message of nature which Whitman brings. If Whitman has not yet fully carried all men with him in his "proof" that sex is illustrious, he seems at least to have convinced them that there is a better way of approaching the question than that of Boccaccio and of Balzac, and of other later and more dangerous authors.

But if all that Whitman has to tell us about sex is purely physical and merely non-moral, we cannot say that he is either really a great teacher or a prophet. He has, however, something more to show us than the mere physical dignity of sex. If he got no further than this he would still be abreast with the

tardy scientific thought of the present time, though his message would be largely exhausted.

His true message, however, is not yet fully realized. What he has to say to us finally is that sex has also its spiritual aspect. It was this message in his poems upon sex that caused Mrs. Gilchrist, one of the gifted women of the last century, in writing to Rossetti to say of them: [It is not the] "heights brought down to the depths, but the depths lifted up level with the sunlit heights, that they might become clear and sunlit too." Mrs. Gilchrist has seen the quality of supersensual love and of spiritual emotion which most of the earlier readers of Whitman failed to find.

Whitman insists upon—

"The great chastity of paternity, to match the great chastity of maternity."

He has seen and put into words what Raphael has arrested for us in the faces of his Madonnas,—

"The illuminated face of the mother of many children."

The feeling which the man of the Middle Ages extended to only one divine mother, Whitman in his democracy extends to all. Nothing is greater, he tells, us than the mother of men. Each and every woman is an "inimitable poem." This last phrase might easily have been used by a score of poets of our language, from those to whom a woman was a poem of color and form alone to the lushly erotic. But with Whitman the greatness of man is a greatness through all eternity, and from the woman alone comes, and can come, this greatness. Of the female form he says,—

"A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot."

There is no more spiritual view in the English language of the transmission of life than that which Whitman expresses in *Starting from Paumanok*. Life is not passed on merely physically. The spirituality of the next generation is largely determined in its creation by this one: our aspirations are not ours alone but something—

"Subtle, clandestine, away beyond,

A charge transmitted and gift occult, for those being born."

That Whitman should advocate the dignity of the human body as a whole in opposition to the teaching of centuries shows that he is a brave man and an advanced thinker. That he should point out to mankind that subjects which it had treated with obscene jests or, at least, with incriminating silence were fraught with spiritual significance, shows that he is a great spiritual leader. The days when his message was accepted, save by indeed a few, were not the days of his physical existence. But he is now coming, and shall come, into the best and purest aspirations of our life.

EARL L. BRADSHER.

University of Texas.

MYSTICISM IN PAINTING: LEON DABO*

Over and over in the pictures of Leon Dabo one sees broad, boundless reaches of water and sky, shading, afar off, one into the other. From a few subtly emergent forms of floating sails and hovering birds, the eye travels on inevitably to luring distances beyond the vague horizon. Full of light are all these pictures, of light surrounded by gloom: for one brief moment man's wondering soul seems to linger here, delighted with the loveliness of life, of light, and then gropes back again into the infinite dark unknown.

In all these pictures, whether waterscenes or landscapes, there is this passion for space, for distance, which carries one off on wide wings out of one's actual surroundings into the vast embrace of that divine *big emptiness* which the mystic loves. And there is in them also a deep and dominant passion for light: for light the ever-changing, as it steals in upon things, as it shifts and flutters and faints, the very soul of intangible spirituality. Thus Dabo is an interpreter, like Novalis, like Maeterlinck, of that spiritual pantheism which leads one away from the teeming life of the concrete world with its tragedy and turmoil and contrast, to the peace, the silence, the solitude of infinite Spirit unruffled by the fever of our fair but fleeting finite life—Spirit which for men can be symbolized most adequately by space, by air, by light.

One of the great problems of art that has long troubled men is that of distinguishing between the romantic and the classic. But in a way it can be said that all art is romantic. For all real art—mystical in its origin as in its deepest purpose—is marked in some way by a sense of the infinite revealed in the finite; it handles always the one great human problem of this relation between that which is felt as infinite and that which is felt as finite, between unity and manifoldness, or spirit and matter, between

* Born in Detroit of French parentage, Leon Dabo studied in New York and in Paris and travelled extensively abroad. He is a man of literary culture and has lectured and written much on artists and on the art of painting. His home in New York.

that which seems the eternal element in things and that which is but fleeting: and all true art seeks somehow to transcend this deep dualism, the consciousness of which is the eternal root of man's heavenward longing. The classic and the romantic consciousness both feel the flow and fleetingness, the terrifying fleetingness of things; both desire rescue from ever-impending death, and seek for a rock of reality in the midst of the flow: but while the former finds its principle of unity in the conception of a changeless static One before whose Eternity all phenomenal change resolves itself into illusion, the latter finds it in the conception of a dynamic, endlessly *willing* World-Self, continuous, and One albeit the very soul of change and the shifting play of phenomenal transformation. The type of art called romantic differs from the type called classic only in that it is often filled, more than is the latter, with a quick sense of man separated from the infinite: in that it seeks the solution of its problem in the acceptance and organization of complexity rather than in the elimination and absorption of multiplicity; and in its apprehension of *line* not in terms of plastic definiteness, but in terms of impressionistic fluidity. Thus there is a very real difference—but not antagonism of ultimate principle—between Greek temples, the statues of the Parthenon, and the Greek dramas, on the one hand, and Gothic cathedrals and the works of Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, on the other hand.

Dabo's art is both classic and romantic. It is classic in its simplification, in its elimination of embarrassing manifoldness, it is romantic in the infinite fleetingness of its lines and lights. There is a strange interfusion of unreality and spiritual reality in these lines and lights; many of those which our eyes see, or seem to see, are not at all painted where we see them: they are created by us in obedience to optic laws. The science of optics has become in the hands of this artist an instrument which he uses skilfully and consciously in order to communicate his world of intangible, suggested, mystical realities.

Adequate expression of spiritual experience, this it would seem, is the one aim of great art. No sense-impression, no physical event—and these make up the concrete material of life—has any meaning whatever if it does not become vivid

within us as an intense spiritual experience. The expression of such bits of spiritual experience in a way that will make others, some few at least, thrill, now and then, with recognition of them as realities which they are glad to find expressed, is for the artist-soul perhaps the deepest and most lasting joy which life can give. To do something that seems good to himself because it is full of spiritual reality, to give it to the world and to let the world do with it what it will, this marks the true artist who wishes merely to express to himself, for others if possible, some beauty, some value that he has found, some dream that has come to him.

Such an artist is Dabo. His art is of the kind which does not itself go out to men, but to which men must come, must come, indeed, with souls attentive and attuned. His work is the expression, over and over, of one definite experience—of the cry of the individual soul for that which it feels to be greater than itself. There is a wonderful strength, and not a weakness, in this seeming monotony, in this singleness of mood and idea. His pictures, almost all of them, are ever-varying embodiments of the one mood of longing, of homesickness, for that which *was* before the forming of our present life of sense and separateness. Not that this present world, as he pictures it, does not seem fair to him. He loves his simple world of gently moving sails and birds and clouds and waves, of wraith-like trees stirred as in a dream by the faint flutter of slumbrous winds, of phantom men and women sporting upon the shore, this world of blurred outlines and opalescent tints, of strange effulgences and mysterious shadows so sensitively expressive, as they are, of the unending conflict of the light with the mist and the darkness. All this is fair; yet, after all, it is a show of shadows, merely. It seems like a dream-world which is touched, all of it, with a sense of homesickness for that infinite world which, to the mystic's feeling, alone is real. In the ever-varied suggestion of this cosmic yearning lies Dabo's particular message to the world.

This art has decidedly a religious quality. Walking late one dark night out to the Church of Saint Paul in the great solitary Campagna, Dabo heard in the darkness, suddenly, a chorus of

monks chanting a mass of Palestrina's. There was no accompaniment of organ, just the strong, earnest voices intoning the midnight mass. This song of longing and faith, the cry of the human soul for its God, heard thus in the night, touched him physically, spiritually, as he had never been touched before. It stirred him with a great desire to do in his art something which would make men feel as that music had made him feel. The experience was one of the powerful influences of his life, and it was one of the great impulses that helped to shape his art, giving it simplicity, largeness, earnestness, solemnity—in a word, religion.

There is something that touches one in that attitude toward nature which will make a man efface himself in trying to give to others just that which he sees, or thinks that he sees, without any subjective interpretation whatever. And yet it is a tragic paradox that nature's secrets are given rather to him who, frankly individualistic, identifies himself with her, and interprets her in the terms of his own emotions. Nature speaks vitally only to him who through his own numberless experiences has learned by sympathy and imagination to feel that there is a real spiritual life in her whose phases Novalis called "changing moods of an infinite sensitive soul."

In his presentation of nature Dabo is more subjective even than this. Sometimes, perhaps, one thinks that he is interpreting definite scenes. The Hudson River, Manhattan Beach, the Jersey Hills, the snowfields of Woodstock, New York City with its huge buildings, its lights, its smoke—these are the things which he has studied carefully, expressing them in words as well as in color. He studied them carefully, however, not that he might reproduce them objectively, or even interpret them subjectively, investing them with large meaning, but that he might use them the better in the interpretations that he gives of himself and the ever-changing aspects of his dominant mood. That this mood should have found expression, for him, in line and color instead of in word or stone or melody, seems to him merely the accident of technical endowment; the experience of the soul, not the man's method or means of expressing it, is to him the important thing.

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There are moments, then, when he like Monet turns proudly from the actual scene before him, conscious that he is able to create a rival world, a world as beautiful as that without, adequate to express just himself and his visions. Isolated color—a bit of blue sky, an iridescent shell, mellow lace, a rosette of ribbon—rouses in him, who has experienced much in life and in nature, the creative impulse which produces a picture fraught with spiritual meaning. For he is a mystic of color. He believes that colors have the power to invoke moods directly, and also that by closing one's eyes at any moment one can see the color which is expressive of one's mood at just that time. Thus colors and mood-values are for him inseparable. So, having received a color-stimulation, he shuts his eyes, and constructs in his inward vision the landscape which to him seems to be the concrete expression for others of the mood from which he started. During all this time he attends wholly to what he calls the physical part of his mood, certain that the spiritual part will be there if only he remains conscientious and keen. The finest moods which he knows are those in which he feels a perfect fusion of physical, intellectual, and spiritual elements, and the pictures which he cherishes most are those which he thinks are the product of the rare hours of inspiration when body and soul are in perfect poise; he therefore aims at temperance in all things. His preference in color is for iridescent shades, for subtle golds, and soft blues, and for the mystic darks of night. He avoids the garish hours of the day, and all obvious aspects of things; he never wearies of trying to catch on the wing—with sense grown ever finer and keener—those elusive, impalpable, fleeting subtleties of color and light which give one the sense of spirituality so characteristic of his best work.

In this way, then, Dabo has created his scenes—magical, mysterious—with their large expanses of water and field and sky, and their exquisite evanescences of light and dark. The combination of breadth, of simplicity of form and motive on the one hand, and of the sensitive expression of infinitely fugitive shades of rippling light and seductive shadow on the other hand, is the distinguishing mark of Dabo's work. Like Novalis, Maeterlinck, and so many others, he gives prophetic visions of

that ever-desired new "golden age," which is open to us always, indeed, in our moments of æsthetic ecstasy. Enfolded in the wonderful large quiet which is the mark of these pictures, we know our dualisms no longer, and, freed from all desire, from all sense of a bounded self, we lose ourselves in infinite Spirit. There is something of tragedy, perhaps, in this resignation of the brilliant fervor of life; but one gains, in place of the glow, a liberating, tranquillizing sense of a peace and harmony and serenity which lie, or seem to lie, at the core of things.

LOUISE M. KUEFFNER.

Vassar College.

ALFRED NOYES AND THE REVIEWERS

Mr. Alfred Noyes is a young man. He was born September 16, 1880, and was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. He pulled an oar in the College "boat" and was writing poems while an undergraduate. At the first publication of his verse in the *London Times* he was still in residence at Oxford. Leaving college, he concluded that he wished to write poetry, and that he would devote himself to poetry exclusively. Difficult and daring as this might appear as a means of gaining his livelihood, he was certain it was the proper one.

With the intention of showing young men of poetic genius that they need not dissipate their energies writing book reviews for London literary periodicals, Mr. Noyes aimed to prove that poetry has a real and legitimate place in the world. He has made a business of poetry. He has contributed to the *London Daily Mail*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, the *Spectator*, *Speaker*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, *Outlook*, *Fortnightly Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, the *London Nation*, *Standard*, the *Bookman*, *McClure's Magazine*, *North American Review*, *Yale Review*, and *Forum*. His poems have been collected and published in book form in England, as follows:

"The Loom of Years," 1902; "The Flower of Old Japan," 1903; *Poems*, 1904; "Forest of Wild Thyme," 1905; "Drake: An English Epic," 1906-8; "Forty Singing Seamen," 1907; "The Enchanted Island," 1909; *Collected Poems*, 1910; "Robin Hood," 1912; "The Carol of the Fir-Tree," 1913.

American impressions have been as follows: *Poems*, 1906; "Flower of Old Japan" (including "Forest of Wild Thyme"), 1907; "Golden Hynde," 1908; "Drake, an English Epic," 1909; "The Enchanted Island," 1910; "Sherwood," 1911; "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," 1913; *Collected Poems*, 1913.

In addition to these titles Mr. Noyes has published some anthologies as well as a critical biography of William Morris in the English Men of Letters Series. But these two lists comprise the body of his poetic achievement.

His work, as we may see by merely looking through one of

the volumes of his *Collected Poems*, covers a wide range. There are many stories of the sea, many rich and gorgeous word-pictures, and much high idealism. There are touches which remind us of "the lyric lips of Astrophel," splendid and powerful passages of blank verse reminiscent of Marlowe,—with Marlowe's eye for contrasting color;—there are moods of patriotic, nationalistic fervor, as well as inspiring poems on international peace. Then, again, on one occasion he writes in a tone of intellectual, moral teaching, what Brian Hooker called his "didactic religiosity;"¹ on another, his is the mysticism of deep accepted faith.

Twice he has gone into the child's world:—

All our fairy rigging shone
Richly as a rainbow seen
Where the moonlight floats upon
Gossamers of gold and green:
All the tiny stars were bright;
Beaten gold the bowsprit was;
But our pilot was the night,
And our chart a looking-glass.

This is a sample of the wonderland into which Mr. Noyes has led, a wonderland in which he sings delicate lyrics of "the maidens of Miyako . . . with dreamy hands of pearl"; or of—

Satin sails in a crimson dawn
Over the silky silver sea;
Purple veils of the dark withdrawn;
Heavens of pearl and porphyry;—

a wonderland where we hear many voices in many tunes "Singing songs of Old Japan."

His most characteristic work is in narration, pure description, and the singing of little songs. He has revived the grandeur of "the spacious days of good Queen Bess"; he has sung many songs well and shown us the light of many high ideals; and, professionally, he has succeeded both in making his living by writing poetry and in gaining the good opinion of the critics.

In England, reviewers of early volumes measured out generous welcome. "The Flower of Old Japan" a writer in the *London Academy* characterized as an "exquisite little book,"

¹ *Bookman*, vol. 31, p. 484.

which had "caught the aroma of a lost fragrance which only poets can restore."³ The book was likewise praised by the *Spectator*. The 1904 volume, entitled *Poems*, elicited rather general praise; but two reviewers, in addition to some glowing comments on the "magic of words," his "crowning grace of charm,"⁴ and his "complete success as a ballad writer,"⁵ remarked that there were pieces in the collection not up to the standard. "He should encourage the discipline of self-criticism, . . . remember Tennyson's continual striving for condensation, . . . and keep himself in hand—not to write too much, and not to write too often."⁶ "The Forest of Wild Thyme" was said by one⁷ to have all the characteristic strength and weakness of Mr. Noyes, . . . much dross mixed with the gold, . . . many jingling cadences mingled with the music." On the other hand the *Saturday Review*⁸ and the *Athenæum*⁹ rendered high praise of the same book.

"Forty Singing Seamen" was not very favorably received. The "vein of fantastic humour"¹⁰ in the title poem, the "rare lyrical gifts,"¹¹ and Mr. Noyes's qualities as a balladist¹² were well noticed; but the general opinion seemed to be that "sweetness rather than depth"¹³ was his forte, and that in abstracts and with blank verse, our poet was poor. The *Saturday Review* said:¹⁴ "Mr. Noyes has already written a certain amount of verse that contains promise of a sort," but "the serious poems are not what we now want from young writers of promise. It is depressing to find a really vigorous and inventive pen moving contentedly in a safe orbit of hackneyed conceptions. We wish that Mr. Noyes would continue to hunt fairy gleams and not 'run in straiter lines of chiselled speech.'" On the other hand, he was told by the *Spectator*,¹⁵ which liked the title poem and "The Golden Hynde," that he was "not good on the high notes" and had best keep to the "middle paths of human loves and pleasures." So, between two fires, what can a poet do?

³ Vol. 64, p. 273.

⁴ *Spectator*, vol. 94, p. 113.

⁵ *Spectator*, vol. 95, p. 761.

⁶ Dec. 16, 1905.

¹⁰ *Athenæum*, Feb. 8, 1908.

¹² *Athenæum*, Feb. 8, 1908.

⁸ *Blackwood's*, vol. 177, p. 251.

⁹ *Blackwood's*, vol. 177, p. 251.

⁷ Feb. 17, 1906.

⁹ *Dial*, Apr. 16, 1907.

¹¹ *Spectator*, Jan. 3, 1908.

¹³ Feb. 1, 1908. ¹⁴ Jan. 25, 1908.

In the face of this criticism, Mr. Noyes boldly attacked a larger theme—the story of the British seaman Drake. He had been told he could not write blank verse. Yet “Drake” was said to have “ease and strength and fire,”¹⁵ said to be “worthy of praise . . . stately and sonorous” and “full of the elemental stuff of poetry.”¹⁶ It was called in the *Spectator* “a beautiful poem,” his “finest achievement,” with “passages which rank Mr. Noyes among the ablest modern masters of blank verse”;¹⁷ and was elsewhere highly spoken of, in the *Dial*,¹⁸ in the *Academy*,¹⁹ and in the *London Times*.²⁰ All the reviewers mentioned in a laudatory fashion the interpolated lyrics; and most held that the “lyric mood” infused into the blank verse made its merit. One critic, he of the *Athenæum*,²¹ declared that Mr. Noyes was a lyrist and should not strive to be otherwise, that the inspiration of “Drake” was not continuous, that the blank verse was made readable in spots by lyric coloring, and that the whole was a “spasmodic rather than a sustained effort—a series of purple patches linked up by colourless narrative.” Andrew Lang inserted in a newspaper column: “There appears to be no recent literature worth writing about, unless it be Mr. Alfred Noyes’ epic which, like all epics but two (and these are three thousand years old), is ‘good in parts.’”²²

“Drake” is the book which gave Mr. Noyes a distinctive place among English poets. A sustained effort on a large scale, it raised him above the multitude of mere incidental songsters; henceforth he stood on a higher level. Kipling and Swinburne, of acknowledged leadership among the poets, gladly received him to their standing. Each wrote a very enthusiastic personal letter to Mr. Noyes. When “The Enchanted Island” was issued, Edmund Gosse, admittedly of the front rank of critics, and Theodore Watts-Dunton rated Mr. Noyes as the foremost living poet, the greatest since the great Victorians, Tennyson and Swinburne. Three of the periodicals, however, did not fancy the book. The *Athenæum*, which had praised the “Forest of

¹⁵ *Spectator*, Dec. 11, 1909.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, Jan. 30, 1909.

¹⁹ July 7, 1908.

²¹ Dec. 26, 1908.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, Sept. 1, 1906.

¹⁸ Jan. 16, 1910.

²⁰ July 6, 1906.

²² N. Y. *Evening Post*, Feb. 16, 1909.

Wild Thyme," called him "pre-eminently the poet of fairyland," and seemed to wish to keep him writing fairy tales for children; the reviewer remarked, "the part of missionary does not suit Mr. Noyes,"²³ reminding us of the *Saturday Review's* objections to "Forty Singing Seamen," and of Mr. Brian Hooker's comment on "didactic religiosity." The *Spectator* declared itself "disappointed;"²⁴ and it and the *Saturday Review*²⁵ said that Mr. Noyes wrote too much; and, somewhat as *Blackwood's* had done previously, advised him to be less fluent and more condensed; and the *Saturday Review*, as a sort of solace, delivered itself of some very enthusiastic paragraphs.

It is rather interesting to note that the *London Times*, commenting on the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" during their serial publication, placed the collection as Mr. Noyes's best work. Comments on the *Collected Poems*, which appeared in 1910, were pretty generally laudatory and remarked the extensive range of subjects. The two volumes were said by the *Tablet* to be "not the work of one poet, but of several, not of one mood, but of a score."²⁶ The *Saturday Review* continued in its former tone, and along with some praise for "the gift of vigorous metre," for his "astonishing aptitude," spoke of him as "playing variations on echoes," in his coolness showing a strong sense of vocation, and of the book as disappointingly offering few glimpses to the mind."²⁷ In fact, the *Saturday Review* has given us two sentences which very well summarize the whole of Mr. Noyes's critical reputation in England. It declared of the poems, "within their range, well-written"; "They are more readable, more inventive, more achieved than the verses of nine out of ten of any current writers. . . . We rank them as talented verse, above the average of such things, but importing little when all is said." Mr. Noyes has seemed too traditional for frantic reforming England of later years.

And now to consider his reputation in America.

The first volume, *Poems*, in 1906, was well-introduced by Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, and was rather well received by the

²³ Jan. 1, 1910.

²⁶ Dec. 3, 1910.

²⁴ Dec. 11, 1909.

²⁷ Oct. 29, 1910.

²⁵ Jan. 1, 1910.

critics. In fact, Mr. Noyes has been better treated by the American critics than by the English. The *Outlook* hailed him as "a singer, not a thinly disguised philosopher or reformer,"²⁸ and spoke very highly of his work. The *Nation*,²⁹ Bliss Carman in the *New York Times*,³⁰ the *Review of Reviews*,³¹ and W. M. Payne in the *Dial*,³² all joined in the welcome. Richard Le Gallienne, himself a poet of no mean ability, wrote³³ of the "surprisingly various" themes, "so many different things are done, and all are done so well"; remarked, in the oft-quoted words, the "spontaneous power and freshness, the imaginative vision, the lyric magic," and concluded: "When such poetry is being written, is it not rather stupid to say that there are no poets to-day?"

The *Atlantic Monthly*³⁴ and *Putnam's*³⁵ expressed themselves as pleased by "The Flower of Old Japan," while the *New York Times*³⁶ reviewer disliked the "futile ingenuity" of the fairy tale. Miss Rittenhouse, a well-known American critic of the moderns, remarked: "Mr. Noyes has the instrument, the lute, in tune, but has not met the revealing hour which shall give him a message for its strings. He plays as yet but a wandering prelude, through which at times one catches hints of vaster theme." The *Dial*,³⁷ the *Outlook*,³⁸ the *North American Review*,³⁹ the *Forum*,⁴⁰ and the *Nation*,⁴¹ rather fancied "The Golden Hynde," while the *New York Times*⁴² was characteristically non-committal. Mr. Brian Hooker expressed a note of warning that critics across the ocean had already sounded: "There is the fear that he may diffuse or squander on the present that power which he will surely need one day for greater work as yet undreamed of."

"Drake" met kindly treatment. Brian Hooker wrote: "Promise of English poetry centres to-day in Alfred Noyes."⁴³ In

²⁸ Feb. 16, 1907.

²⁹ Feb. 6, 1907.

³⁰ Apr. 16, 1907.

³¹ Mr. Ferris Greenslet, Dec., 1907.

³² Mr. W. A. Bradley, Sept. 7, 1907.

³³ May 30, 1908.

³⁴ Mr. Brian Hooker, Apr., 1908.

³⁵ Apr. 4, 1908.

³⁶ Nov. 22, 1906.

³⁷ Feb., 1907.

³⁸ *North American Review*, vol. 183, p. 1179.

³⁹ Jessie Rittenhouse, June, 1907.

⁴⁰ Mr. W. M. Payne, Aug. 1, 1908.

⁴¹ Mr. Clayton Hamilton, Sept., 1908.

⁴² July 9, 1908.

⁴³ *Bookman*, Nov., 1909.

"Drake," he "goes down with colours flying. . . . It fails only at the height of its own argument. . . . In degree of achievement it bears no comparison with the *Æneid* or *Paradise Lost*. The "Drake" is a Headless Victory: blemished, imperfected, glorious." Mr. Clayton Hamilton called it "healthy, ardent, fresh and strong . . . unequal in style . . . not a great epic" but "the greatest single contribution that has been made to English poetry since the death of Tennyson."⁴⁴ Two other reviewers, in the *Nation*⁴⁵ and in the *New York Times*,⁴⁶ dismissed it on general grounds as an over-decorated *tour de force*, but lingered to speak fondly of descriptions or of short narrative passages or of beautiful lyrics that had left lasting impressions.

"The Enchanted Island" called forth one particular note of high commendation,⁴⁷ and several of adverse criticism. Mr. Noyes was accused of mediocrity and of commonplace journalistic rhyming by the *Nation*⁴⁸ and by the *Bookman*.⁴⁹ The *Literary Digest* and the *Bookman* expressed for the first time in America an opinion which had previously been advanced in England,—an opinion that some of the poems should have been shortened or omitted: "We do not feel that much of the original matter has been sacrificed. . . . The 'Enchanted Island' is full of golden promises, but no single promise matures into a perfect poem. . . . The effect is blurred by diffuseness," . . . by the "carelessness that so often attends facility."⁵⁰

We may note that "Sherwood" was accepted by two critics at least,⁵¹ seemingly more on the authority of Mr. Noyes's reputation than on the value of the book; and that Mr. Stanley Braithwaite in the *Boston Transcript* placed one of Mr. Noyes's poems among the best twenty-one, and two among the best fifty-five published in 1911. Finally, in the *New York Times*,⁵² a young critic of discernment, reviewing the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," which were very favorably received elsewhere, stated:

⁴⁴ *Forum*, May, 1910.

⁴⁵ Jan. 13, 1910.

⁴⁶ April 4, 1908.

⁴⁷ *New York Times*, June 11, 1910.

⁴⁸ July 14, 1910.

⁴⁹ Mr. Brian Hooker, July, 1910.

⁵⁰ *Literary Digest*, April 30, 1910.

⁵¹ *New York Sun*, and *New York Nation*, Jan. 4, 1912.

⁵² Mr. Joyce Kilmer, Apr. 20, 1913.

"Alfred Noyes takes his place undeniably and triumphantly among the masters of English literature."

Mr. Noyes's first visit to America called forth many varying comments. One magazine writer attacked him in notoriously bad taste; another praised him as an unusual poet. Another said that he "has a vision of a new religion of poetry expressive of the harmony of life . . . not unlike that toward which Tennyson groped . . . in an age when men were wondering whether the new discoveries of science had not sounded the death-knell both of poetry and religion."

So, when Mr. James Douglass referred to Mr. Noyes as an "old-fashioned confectioner," he was merely taking an unnecessarily abrupt and uncomplimentary way of saying that Mr. Noyes is a traditional poet. He has been repeatedly spoken of as such. In this vein the New York *Nation* has referred to his "eternal nostalgia of the past," and the *Review of Reviews* has said that he is "destined to be of the greatest service in the re-establishment of the great traditions of English song." A recent paragraph in the *Bookman*,⁵⁸ which appeared before the appointment of Mr. Bridges, even before the death of Mr. Austin, referred to Mr. Noyes as a possible laureate, saying: "Others may do as they please, he will be the poet of England, of her greatness, her history, her destiny."

All of these reviewers who carped and criticised are gradually coming to admire. The "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" should be ranked as his finest single work of any length. But, in even a cursory reading of the new *Collected Poems*, one learns some of the lights and shadows of life itself, takes pleasure in gorgeous description and light-hearted song, and revels in the alternating power and speed of which he has shown blank verse to be capable. Whoever stops to reflect on the skill of the poet's hand, on the sincerity of his "lyric cry," and on the solid merit behind his versatility, cannot but like his work. Every time those books are read in an easy chair before the library fire the conviction expressed by most of our critics will rise of itself in the mind of the individual reader—the conviction that

⁵⁸ March, 1913.

Alfred Noyes is to be ranked among the best of our modern poets. And yet we must always be moderate in our judgment of our contemporaries for, as Coleridge says, he who has outstripped his fellows and is far in the lead may often have achieved more than another who seems to loom large in our eyes, merely because he stands by our side.

ELBRIDGE COLBY.

Columbia University.

BOOK REVIEWS

A SMALL BOY AND OTHERS. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Although Mr. James's latest volume is superficially a work of biography and reminiscence, it is fundamentally a body of literary criticism which throws an illumination upon his work almost equal to that of the recent prefaces to his fiction. The reader who is primarily interested in the author and his literary achievements will be more than rewarded by this first authoritative, although still fragmentary, record of the development of his imagination. The reader, however, who goes to the book for history or description of old New York, for anecdotes or characterization, or even for particulars concerning the early life of William James, whose death suggested its writing, is likely to be disappointed. The political history of the country and the physical history of the city appear but little. William James, who was born in the Astor House in New York in 1842, appears chiefly as an influence upon his younger brother, who never doubted his genius, considered him always charged with learning, and followed him devotedly,—Henry being mild and retiring, while William was vivid and masterful, with a genius for making friends indicated by his remark: "I play with boys that curse and swear!"

The family circle explains much in both brothers. The father, spontaneous and expressive, concentrated upon the inward life, emphasizing character and conscience, was a constant companion. Of a stock mingling Scotch-Irish with a little English, the ancestors came to New York and its vicinity shortly before and after the Revolution, acquired a farm near the Battery and otherwise prospered, so that their descendants needed no gainful occupation or search for a career,—a quality that bore with it a certain detachment from their environment and a consequent family concentration that furnished both attitude and material for the author. Thus the house of a widowed grandmother is evidently reproduced in *The Portrait of a Lady*, and an ancient

aunt quite as evidently reappears in *The Aspern Papers*. Sundry suggestions for character and action must have come from uncles who lived in Paris and recommended Rousseau's *Confessions* for children's reading, from aunts with long ringlets and dignified conservatism, and from sundry cousins,—a spoiled child who deliberately "made scenes," young men who led cotillions, and fashionable girls who loved clothes and jewelry. Sometimes the circle presented drama ready-made, as when a cousin, experienced as the wife of an almost spectral perfection of platitude, so controlled a brother's property and character that another sister had later to teach him the uses of both. Another cousin, who showed a talent for sculpture, disintegrated morally, and died prematurely, plainly reappears in *Roderick Hudson*; yet another quite as plainly suggests the hero of *The Ambassadors*. Neighbors, also, arid and formal, lavish and slipshod, together with sundry servants, had their suggestions. To the author's backward glance the New York circle of his youth appears, here as elsewhere, small and ingenuous, unformed and unconscious, without types or careers.

Education for the well-to-do then began in New York and finished in Europe, with chief emphasis upon the foreign languages. For the author there were first schoolmistresses, who wore ringlets and gloves, or were French and snappy. Later there was one genial and inspiring master and many others who made him think of Voltaire or Franklin; of characters in Daudet, Cherbuliez, or Balzac; or of plates from Cruickshank or *Punch*. Finally in England, Switzerland, and France there was a Scotch tutor who also taught Stevenson, a Fourierist establishment, and a Collège where he had Coquelin for a schoolfellow. In general his schooling, although constant, was desultory and rather vague, its procedure theoretically wasteful, but practically producing thorough enrichment in experience and practice in discrimination. He afterward believed, as his brother disbelieved, that their early training was thoroughly fortunate. Incidentally, their playgrounds were always small or entirely lacking, there was little exercise other than walking, and a good deal of illness.

Outside of the family and the school there were mild experiments in churchgoing, a good deal of dancing-school, and a

surprising amount of the theatre, enough to enable the young spectators to compare the same actors in different parts, to study their enunciation, and to observe the reaction of the audience. The opera was not so frequented. The author's first books were illustrated,—Garvanni, Béranger with steel engravings, Nash's lithographed *Mansions of England*, and similar *Heroines of Romance*. He read the Abott and the Rollo books at home, *Godey's Lady's Book* at the dentist's, and promptly fell under the predominant spell of Poe, of Hawthorne, and later of the all-embracing atmosphere of the monthly instalments of Dickens with Cruickshank's pictures. His father's bookstore browsings introduced him to English books, and very early he went on to Balzac and the world of letters. Curtis, Godwin, Ripley, Dana, and Willis were familiars of the household. Washington Irving first gave the elder James the news of Margaret Fuller's shipwreck. Thackeray joked the younger about his jacket and his small sister about her crinoline. Painting also was fairly represented in the social circle. The family had a marble statue and some pictures. Eyre Crowe painted the father, and there were many visits to exhibitions. The author was early allowed to roam and observe and converse, and he early began to convert everything into a product of his own, to assume imaginatively the situations and the consciousness of others, and to picture things other than as they were. Composition first appears in a projected coöperative romance, in attic plays which were oftener planned than produced, and in a written play-book with drawings of the scenes, the latter predominating in interest. Drawing was a constant occupation for both brothers and gave Henry James his first realization of the nature of representation and his initial belief in its superiority over actuality in interest, charm, and worth.

Shortly after the birth of Henry James, in 1843, the family spent a year or two in Europe, then a year or two in Albany, and other years in hotels in or near New York. Then came an apartment on Fifth Avenue and a house on Fourteenth Street. They were essentially urban people, in spite of vacations by the sea and visits up the Hudson. Relatives were always writing letters from Europe, the parents continually dis-

cussed and planned and the children continually dreamed of their return thither. When it came, the return was to some years in England, France, and Switzerland, beginning when the author was twelve, and even so early stirring him to characteristic realization of castles and peasants, villas and watering-places, landscapes, and architecture, of city streets, characters and costume, of race and type and social tone.

At this point the substantial volume ends. It is greatly to be hoped that it will soon be followed by others continuing the narrative.

CLYDE FURST.

THE ABOLITIONIST CRUSADE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. By Hilary A. Herbert. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This little book by ex-Secretary Herbert is in its way a model of temperate discussion of history by a participant or partisan of the issues involved. As a perfectly calm and urbane discussion of the abolitionist movement by an ex-Confederate soldier, it sets a standard of reasonableness in the discussion of ticklish themes of history. Objections that no new sources have been consulted and that nothing has been added to the accessible information on the subject, are met at the outset by the modest disclaimer of the venerable author that he has attempted little research.

Mr. Herbert treats his subject almost as divorced from all other issues. He protests against the theory of the economic ground for the war. And so far from allowing that it was a struggle caused by cotton, he barely mentions cotton in connection with it. Southern imperialism, the attitude of the radical pro-slavery men, the influence of ultra-conservative social ideas on the pro-slavery programme, and the necessity of the spread or death of slavery, are all ignored. From Colonel Herbert's point of view, the constitution is an unchangeable, almost superhuman authority, and the whole slavery question is a legal one. In other words, Colonel Herbert represents the typical Southern legal conception of history. Against the abolitionists themselves, however, abhorrent as their programme is to him, he shows no rancor, but the calm opposition of a soldier.

His hate for them, as anarchists in principle, is not expressed in coarse terms, and he does not fail to declare his admiration for their courage and his disapprobations of the methods of their opponents in attacking their "higher law" doctrine with violence.

In the opinion of the reviewer, Colonel Herbert is not justified by Southern conditions in believing that peaceful emancipation would have taken place if the South had been left alone. But he is certainly logical in rejecting the argument of Rhodes that there was no cause for alarm in the Republican platform of 1860. It was not, he pointed out, the platform, but the history and record of the party and its leaders that enabled far-seeing men to anticipate the attack of the Republican party upon slavery in the South.

L. P. CHAMBERLAYNE.

THE NUMERICAL STRENGTH OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. An examination of the argument of the Hon. Charles Francis Adams and others. By Randolph H. McKim, D.D. New York: The Neale Publishing Co.

Dr. McKim's clearly written and succinct little book refutes the contention that the Confederacy had really at least 1,000,000 fighting men in the field, and not 600,000, as is commonly reported. Charles Francis Adams bases his argument for the larger number mainly on the supposed effectiveness of the Confederate conscription, and the figures for Confederate enlistment given in *The South in the Building of the Nation*. Dr. McKim rests the weight of his rebuttal on the early loss of territory by the Confederacy, the enormous number of exemptions of all kinds, and the difference between the number of actual conscripts and the number of recruits which the conscription should have brought to the colors, if it had been possible to enforce the conscription laws, as Mr. Adams assumes they were enforced. As for the figures of Confederate enlistment given in the various articles in *The South in the Building of the Nation*, he shows that they are based on rough estimates, and in every instance are strongly biassed by the desire to make as good showing as possible in each individual case. Dr. McKim has performed a work of real historical value in gathering and marshalling

his evidence so simply and conclusively. It is hardly necessary to add that his work is strictly dispassionate in tone—a piece of investigation, not of incrimination. L. P. CHAMBERLAYNE.

THE COLOR LINE IN OHIO. By Frank U. Quillin, Ph.D. Ann Arbor, Mich.: University of Michigan Historical Studies.

"There can be but one conclusion arrived at, and that is that equal rights in Ohio for blacks and whites is a myth" (p. 120). The author has come to this conclusion after a careful investigation at first hand of the condition of the negro in Ohio. Furthermore, he says that the prejudice of the whites toward the negroes throughout the North increases in proportion to the growth of the negro population, and that the negro is far worse off in that section of the country than he is in the South. This is because he is not only socially isolated, but also cut off from advantageous industrial opportunities and subject to active and virulent discrimination. It is an interesting fact that a Northern man, after a study of the negro problem in a Northern state, should arrive at conclusions identical with those of the best-informed people of the South. This would seem to be only one more proof that the South is essentially right in its position on this most vexing and ever-present problem.

The book is divided into two parts, the first giving an historical sketch of the negro problem in Ohio, and the second showing present-day conditions. The one bright spot in an otherwise dark and gloomy picture is the city of Cleveland. Professor Quillin attributes the better conditions in that city to the fact that there is an almost total social separation between the races. Racial separation has produced racial pride, restraint, and self-respect, with very free business and industrial conditions as a result.

The student of the race problem cannot afford to neglect this valuable and interesting book, although he will find infelicities of style and grammar hardly to be expected in a work bearing the stamp of the University of Michigan.

WM. STARR MYERS.

GENETIC PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION. An epitome of the published educational writings of President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University. By G. E. Partridge, Ph.D. New York: Sturgis & Walton.

The large quantity of Dr. Hall's writings makes a summary very desirable. This book is not an introduction but a condensation. It presents the views of an educational writer as does a chapter in a history of education. As such it is useful. The arrangement is convenient and logical. The four parts into which the book is divided are: the foundations of education, the principles of education, the school system, and special problems.

The author aims to give Hall's views without criticism or discussion of his own. It is an exposition of doctrine merely. He tries and, I believe, succeeds in bringing out the fundamental ideas which run through Hall's writings—the chief of which is the evolutionary explanation of all conscious processes.

Dr. Partridge retains many of the characteristic superlatives of President Hall, but the extravagance is toned down somewhat. It is more sane and sensible but less entertaining. The reader will miss the fun he is accustomed to have in reading Hall. It is the enthusiasm leading to extravagance, which gives much of the force in his writings. The brilliancy and novelty are lacking in the epitome. One feels as if he himself might have used such expressions, but when reading Hall he feels that he could not have said it in that way and would not if he could. If a student wishes to know what Hall thinks, and does not care for the inspiration, if he wishes thoughts and not emotions, doctrine and not the man, he can save time by reading this abridgment.

J. F. MESSENGER.

THOMAS RITCHIE: A STUDY IN VIRGINIA POLITICS. By Charles Henry Ambler, Ph.D. Richmond, Va.: J. P. Bell Company.

There have been ~~several~~ Virginians whose public careers extended over long periods, and were active in the shaping of affairs in Virginia. Sir William Berkeley, from 1640 to 1676 (with an interval under the Commonwealth); James Blair, commissary of the Bishop of London, president of the College of William and Mary, member of the council, from ~~1689~~ to 1743;

several /
who /

1693 /

Patrick Henry, from 1765 almost to the time of his death in 1799; Thomas Ritchie, from 1807 for more than forty years. There has been no Virginian since Ritchie who filled for so long a time so important a place in the state.

Thomas Ritchie, the son of a Scotch merchant of large affairs, was born in Essex County, Virginia, in 1778, and died in Washington in 1854. On the maternal side Ritchie was connected with a number of Virginians of great influence in his day. In 1804 Mr. Jefferson, desirous of seeing a good administration newspaper published at Richmond, established through his friends the Richmond *Enquirer*, and Thomas Ritchie was placed in charge as editor. Ritchie was editor of the *Enquirer* (was the *Enquirer*) until 1845, when he removed to Washington to take over the administration organ there. He left the *Enquirer* in the hands of his sons.

This is the briefest statement of the public service of a man who for more than a generation was one of the chief sources and shapers of opinion in the South. And for nearly thirty years after 1820 Ritchie was one of the most quoted of editors in the United States. Professor Ambler, therefore, in choosing his subject has faced difficulties. These he has overcome in large measure by using diligently and with judgment the files of the *Enquirer* itself. The result of his work forms not only a contribution to the study of Virginia politics, but necessarily of national politics as well.

ALFRED J. MORRISON.

WEBSTER'S SECONDARY SCHOOL DICTIONARY. Abridged from Webster's New International Dictionary. 1,000 illustrations. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company. \$1.50.

As the title indicates, this is an abridgment of the *New International Dictionary*, which is designed for the use of pupils in secondary schools, but it will fill a long-felt want in our colleges for a reliable dictionary at a moderate price. The editors have succeeded in making their definitions unusually clear and concise, and in the case of varying pronunciation and spelling, have been careful to record alternatives. The illustrations are fresh and clear, the paper is good, the typographical work excellent,

the binding neat and strong. With such a book in hand, pupils should find the study of the dictionary a fascinating as well as a profitable pastime.

THE SCIENCE OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY. By Walter W. Skeat. Oxford and New York: Clarendon Press.

One of the last volumes, if not the very last volume, from the pen of the distinguished Cambridge scholar, the Reverend Walter W. Skeat, this book is a study of comparative etymology considered from the point of view of English. After a discussion of some general principles and useful canons, the book takes up in separate chapters the relations between English and the various Romance, Teutonic, and Indo-Germanic languages, so as to "illustrate some of the ways in which those languages throw light upon each other, and to show how many really valuable lessons can be drawn from considering even a single English word from various points of view." The author makes no claim to originality either in method or material, setting forth "only such things as are vouched for by experts who can be trusted." On account of its clear, simple and scientific statement of principles and its wealth of examples, the book should find a place in advanced courses in linguistics in our colleges and universities.

WHAT CAN LITERATURE DO FOR ME? By C. Alphonso Smith, Poe Professor of English Literature, University of Virginia. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

The suggestive question in the above title is answered in six chapters, under the following heads: I. It Can Give You an Outlet; II. It Can Keep Before You the Vision of the Ideal; III. It Can Give You a Better Knowledge of Human Nature; IV. It Can Restore the Past to You; V. It Can Show You the Glory of the Commonplace; VI. It Can Give You the Mastery of Your Own Language. Each chapter is a clear, simple discussion of the principles announced, reënforced by abundant and well-chosen illustrations. The author directs attention first to the reading and study of literature itself, showing that litera-

ture can no more be learned from a history of literature than arithmetic from a history of arithmetic. The book instructs, appeals to the imagination, has a delightful literary flavor, and is full of heart. It reveals the scholar's instinct, the *littérateur's* appreciation and taste, and the teacher's interpretative power. Wonderfully refreshing, stimulating, and suggestive, the little volume will awaken interest in the best literature and prove helpful in the hands of the teacher, the student, and the general reader.

R. H. H.

A HANDBOOK OF NORSE MYTHOLOGY. By Karl Mortensen, University of Copenhagen. Translated by A. Clinton Crowell. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

The translation of this work from the Danish into English by Professor Crowell of Brown University brings to the students of Germanic languages and to the general reader a volume of interest and value. After a general introduction, the work is divided into four sections dealing mainly with the Chief Gods and Myths, Forms of Worship and Religious Life, and Hero Sagas. The division of each section into numbered paragraphs with topical headings in bold-faced type, and the illustrations and index add to the attractiveness and usefulness of the volume as a reference book. The chief value of this little book of 208 pages lies in the simple presentation of introductory facts about Norse mythology which should serve to stimulate interest and incite further study of the subject.

R. H. H.

ECCLESIASTICUS. Edited by W. O. E. Oesterley. Cambridge: at the University Press.

This edition of Ecclesiasticus, the latest volume of the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges, is edited by a well-known biblical student and maintains the high level of scholarship established by the previous publications in the series. The introduction contains a study of the title, authorship, and date; an analysis of the contents and character of the book; an historical sketch of the times; an investigation as to the place and use of

the book in the Jewish and Christian churches; and a discussion of the original language in which it was written, together with a comparison of the various manuscripts and versions.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE QUARTERLY. A journal of faith, work and thought of Christendom. Edited by Silas McBee. New York: George H. Doran Company. Vol. I, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. \$2.50 yearly; 75 cents the copy Issued in March, June, September, and December.

In the first issue the editorial policy is set forth as follows: "This Journal has been founded in the conviction that a constructive treatment of Christianity will make for a better understanding between the isolated Communion of Christendom. It is not neutral territory that is sought . . . but rather common ground where loyalty to Christ and to convictions about Him and His Church will be secure from the tendency to mere compromise or to superficial comprehension. This journal is and must be unofficial. The Churches are not and in the nature of things cannot make themselves responsible for it."

The editor's experience with the *Churchman* and the unusual opportunity afforded him on his recent "eirenic itinerary" to become acquainted with leading scholars and theologians throughout Europe and the Orient have rendered him peculiarly fit for the ambitious and difficult task he has undertaken. From America, Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Russia, Great Britain, India, and the Orient, he has enlisted for his Editorial Board the services of fifty select men whose reputation is world-wide. That they have responded generously to the call of the editor is clear from the representative character of the contributors and articles in these first three issues. In looking over some of the articles one is impressed with the spirit of goodfellowship and liberality exhibited by all contributors alike and with the earnest desire expressed by them to bring about a better understanding among the various sects and religions of the world; and inspired by their views, one is even led to hope that in the history of mankind before the lapse of many generations religious persecution will become a thing of the past. "The merit of the *Constructive* is exceedingly great," declares Archbishop Platon in his article on Unity in the September issue, "since it has succeeded

in gathering together before the same speaking tube, as it were, Roman Catholics, Orthodox and Protestants, and has also succeeded in persuading them to speak through this tube."

TWENTY CENTURIES OF PARIS. By Mabell S. C. Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

The author has condensed into some 400 pages a great deal of useful information, for the most part well arranged and admirably presented. The early history of Paris—that is, through the reign of Henry IV—is especially well treated and shows a thorough knowledge of early Parisian histories, notably of the collection in the Bibliothèque Nationale, from which alone a very complete history of both secular and parochial Paris could be written. From the accession of Louis XIII the author has been rather careless and hurried in places, so that the last half has somewhat the tone of a Baedeker. Though uneven, the book furnishes for both tourist and student material of interest and value, and is worthy of a place among the best popular histories of Paris.

J. N. W.

VAN CLEVE AND HIS FRIENDS. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

At a time when the sensational and the problematic run riot in novel-making, it is comforting to find a new novel which is neither, a novel which is sound in its ethics and wholesome in its atmosphere and yet reveals real life in its true values. Such a novel is Mrs. Mary S. Watts's *Van Cleve and His Friends*, which appeared serially during the year in the *Atlantic Monthly* and which has recently been published in book form. Mrs. Watts gives her readers a picture of contemporary business and social life in Cincinnati and a very unglossed account of one phase of the Spanish-American War—that busy life which is incident to the fighting, but which takes place at a safe distance from the guns. The book does not depend for its interest upon intricacy of plot: for it is lacking in dramatic effect. In fact, from the moment the climax is reached the *dénouement* is apparent.

Moreover, there is at times in the plot a lack of unity, for instance the failure of the National Loan and Savings Bank and Van Cleve's connection with it. That she can depict a character convincingly and yet sympathetically is shown in her delineation of Van Cleve. Though she dwells on his brusqueness and coldness, the reader thoroughly approves of him all the way through because of his genuineness.

Though the book is distinctly American—a necessary coincidence of its realism—it constantly suggests in its natural and often humorous handling of American material a novelist as distinctly British. In the opening paragraphs the reader feels that the author has consciously taken Thackeray as her model, and the entire book sustains this impression.

ELEANOR D. SHANNON.

ESSAYS IN APPRECIATION. By George William Douglas. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company.

This little volume contains a collection of appreciations written at various times by the Canon of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, as tributes to the memory of notable friends and figures in the Church and in the religious world: Bishop Huntingdon, Bishop Potter, the Reverend Henry A. Coit, the Reverend Morgan Dix, Cardinal Newman, General Booth, and others. Nearly all of these essays have appeared as articles in the *Churchman* and are gathered here in permanent form. They are characterized by keenness of analysis, broad sympathy, and charm of style.

CATHERINE SIDNEY. By Francis Deming Hoyt. New York: Longmans, Green, & Company.

This is the story of how a young man, through love for a self-sacrificing girl, is led to renounce his protestantism and enter the Roman Catholic church. As a novel it lacks the interest both of incident and character, for plot is made subservient to long-drawn theological argument.

BOOK NOTES

From Thomas Y. Crowell Company have been received some attractive and interesting volumes on a variety of topics: Oliver Huckel in his *Tour Through England with Tennyson* (beautifully illustrated) and his *Tristan and Isolde: Wagner's Music-Drama Retold in English Verse*, proves himself a safe and agreeable guide; in *The New American Drama*, Professor Richard Burton makes "an attempt to put before the reader in synthetic fashion the native movement of our time in drama, placing emphasis upon what seem significant tendencies and illustrative personalities"; President William De Witt Hyde in his *Quest of the Best* presents in his usual forceful and attractive fashion helpful and suggestive advice as to the training of boys, dealing with such topics as "Natural Badness," "Artificial Goodness," "Sins of Excess and Defect," "The Personal Motive and the Social Medium," and "The Birthright of the Child"; *The New Man*, by Jane Stone, is a story, devoid of interest in plot and character, dealing with the social evil; *Their Christmas Golden Wedding*, by Caroline Abbot Stanley; *Lessons from Nature's Workshop*, by William J. Claxton; and *The Poetical Works of Oscar Wilde*, with biographical introduction by Nathan Haskell Dole.

The American Book Company has issued recently some excellent textbooks: *Halleck's New English Literature*, with a chapter on twentieth-century literature and the modern drama, together with other special new features, will be welcomed by many teachers in school and college who have found this author's textbooks the best of their kind; two important books in history, which will be given fuller notice in a subsequent issue are: *The Development of American Nationality*, by Carl Russell Fish, and *New Mediæval and Modern History*, by Samuel Banister Harding and Albert Bushnell Hart; Rollo Walter Brown and Nathaniel Waring Barnes have prepared an exceedingly practical book for college classes on *The Art of Writing English*; and H. C. Nutting, of the University of California, has just put

forth *A First Latin Reader* as a continuation of his Primer, providing for "a course of study leading up to Cæsar or some author of like difficulty"; *Reading, Writing and Speaking Spanish, for Beginners*, by Margaret Caroline Dowling; and *John Bunyan's Dream-Story*, by James Baldwin.

From D. C. Heath & Company the following books have been received: *A History of England*, by Allen C. Thomas, the aim of which is "to give the main facts of English history, from the earliest times to the present, in a simple and clear manner"; *Literary Brevities*, selected and edited by John G. Wight, so as to "show in their variety and in their appeal to good taste, the places and authors where the reader may confidently look for what is most entertaining and edifying in literature"; *Middle English Humorous Tales in Verse*, edited by George H. McKnight, together with *Poetaster*, by Ben Jonson, and *Satiro-mastix*, by Thomas Decker, edited in one volume by Josiah H. Penniman, represent the latest publications of the Belles Lettres Series; *Freshman Rhetoric*, by John R. Slater, adds another textbook to the long list of elementary college rhetorics differing from the rest in three respects,—that it lays more emphasis on freshman rhetoric as the medium of general mental discipline, that it provides a far larger amount of material for practice than most works of the sort, and that it includes topics of general interest and intrinsic value; *Carlyle's Heroes and Hero-Worship*, edited by Herbert S. Murch, prepared for the use of beginners in the study of Carlyle; *The Freshman and His College*, by Francis C. Lockwood, being a modest attempt on the part of one "who, not many years ago, was a good-for-nothing freshman," to aid a new generation of freshmen during their first months in college"; *Ancient History*, by Hutton Webster.

Ginn & Company has just issued a new *American History* by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, of Charleston College, which will be reviewed in a later issue. Other important books from this same firm are: *Social Forces in Modern Literature*, by Philo M. Buck, Jr., an attempt to trace the development of social

forces in the literatures of France, Germany, and England, and at the same time to show the mutual literary interdependence of these leading countries of Europe; *Legends and Satires*, by Martha Hale Shackford, being translations of Middle English poems prepared especially for the use of college sophomores and selected with the design of making "live again the thoughts and sentiments and beliefs of a vanished generation"; *Courtly Love in Chaucer and Gower*, by William George Dodd, Harvard Studies in English, volume I.

From Longmans, Green, & Company: *Catholic and Protestant*, by Frederick Joseph Kinsman, Bishop of Delaware, a discussion of the historic significance of the theological terms 'Catholic' and 'Protestant.' Though convinced that the change in the legal title of the Protestant Episcopal Church would be a good thing, Bishop Kinsman desires to effect "not so much change of name as realization of things," and believes that discussion of the matter, freed from controversy, is helpful; *Extra-Biblical Sources for Hebrew and Jewish History*, translated and edited by Samuel A. B. Mercer. This volume brings together in accessible form all Cuneiform, Egyptian, and extra-biblical sources for the study of Hebrew and Jewish history, and "aims also at a collection of all Greek and Latin historical sources, down to and including those of the time of Tacitus, which throw an independent light upon the subject." *The Gospels*, by Leighton Pullan (to be reviewed in the next issue).

In *Facts About Shakespeare*, W. A. Neilson and Ashley H. Thorndike (the Macmillan Company), editors of the Tudor Shakespeare, have gathered together all the established facts regarding Shakespeare and his work and have presented them in compact form and attractive manner.

Folk-Ballads of Southern Europe, by Sophie Jewett (Putnam's), edited by Katharine Lee Bates, contains texts of the ballads in the original languages, with the English translation on the op-

posite page, together with an introduction and brief annotations including suggestions of English analogues. It is a scholarly and valuable contribution to the study of such folk-songs.

Other books, of which space permits mention by title only, have been received as follows: *A History of Muhlenberg County* (Kentucky), by Otto A. Rothert (John P. Morton Company, Louisville); *Kentucky in American Letters*, 2 vols., by John Wilson Townsend, with an introduction by James Lane Allen (The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa); *Our Southern Highlanders*, by Horace Kephart (Outing Publishing Company); *Drake's Bay and Other Poems*, by Mrs. J. H. H. Browne, *The Children's Challenge to the Church*, by William E. Gardner (The Young Churchman Company, Milwaukee); *Haslitt on English Literature*, by Jacob Zeitlin, *College English*, by Frank Aydelotte (Oxford University Press); *A Middle English Bibliography*, by John Manning Booker (Carl Winter, Heidelberg); *Obed Hussey, the Inventor of the Reaper*, edited by Follett Greeno (privately printed); *The Infinitive in Anglo-Saxon*, by Morgan Callaway, Jr. (published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington), to be given fuller notice later.

To be reviewed in the next issue: *The Outlook for Religion*, by George Richmond Grose (Eaton & Mains); *The Theology of the Church of England*, by F. W. Worsley, *Schleiermacher: A Critical and Historical Study*, by W. B. Selbie (E. P. Dutton); *The Psychology of Industrial Efficiency*, by Hugo Muensterberg (Houghton); *Die Entwicklung des Christentums zur Universal-Religion*, von Professor Dr. Karl Beth (Quelle und Meyer, Leipzig); *A History of the People of the United States*, by John Bach McMaster (Appleton) vol. viii; *Pan-Germanism*, by Roland G. Usher (Houghton).

The appearance of two new quarterlies within three months of each other,—*The Mid-West Quarterly*, October 1913 (\$2.00 a year), and *The Unpopular Review*, January, 1914 (\$2.50 a

year),—is a noteworthy occurrence and a hopeful sign in our present-day literature. *The Mid-West Quarterly*, established by the University of Nebraska under the editorship of the well-known scholar and essayist, Prosser Hall Frye, and published by Putnam's, adds one more to the scanty list of magazines issued under the auspices of our colleges, which are seeking to develop and foster that type of literature distinct from the academic investigation on the one hand (which finds an outlet in numberless technical journals) and from the journalistic productions of the popular magazines on the other. In helping to shift the balance towards the æsthetic side of literature and in offering an outlet for writers who can find no place in philosophical journals or in the popular magazines, but who have something of permanent value to contribute, such college quarterlies are rendering genuine service to the cause of letters in America, and the worth of their work is being recognized more clearly every year. Indeed, the editor of the *Mid-West* in his announcement ventures the opinion that the intellectual essay of a critical character will eventually "become the exclusive charge of the university."

The Unpopular Review, published by Henry Holt & Company with no names of editor or of contributors, suggests from its title a further reaction from the purely popular magazine with its ephemeral contents. Printed in bold-faced type, containing two hundred and twenty-six pages, with thirteen articles exhibiting considerable range in subject, this new *Review* is solid in form and substance, but far from dry in quality or philistine in point of view. If this *Review* justifies its title "Unpopular," it will be because the modern reader in our country is lacking in discrimination and taste.